WILD FLOWERS
FROM THE
MOUNTAIN SIDE

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WILD FLOWERS

FROM

"THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE."

POEMS AND DRAMAS.

BY

MERCEDES.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds in summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

LONGFELLOW.

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Copyright, 1884, by the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, St. Xavier's Convent, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

TO OUR

VENERATED FATHER,

RT. REV. MICHAEL O'CONNOR, D.D., S.J.,

AND OUR

BELOVED FRIEND,

RT. REV. JAMES O'CONNOR, D.D.,

ONE DEAD, ONE LIVING,

THESE

WILD FLOWERS FROM "THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE,"

WHERE

BOTH SPENT MANY HAPPY HOURS OF THE PAST,

ARE

REVERENTLY AND GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED.

Extract from a Letter to the Author from His Grace The Most Reverend P. J. Ryan, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia.

"I HAVE had time to cull only a few of your 'Wild Flowers,' and these seem to exhale the poetic fragrance. You disarm all hostile criticism in your preface, by your declaring that the flowers are wild, and not originally intended for the eye of cold criticism, but, above all, by your forming them into a bouquet to be placed at the bedside of the sick and dying, and by your devoting the proceeds of their sale to the benefit of the 'Mercy Hospital.' I hope you will be entirely successful in this beneficent purpose."

Your obedient servant,

† P. J. RYAN,

Archbishop of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, November 3, 1884.

PREFACE.

To send forth a volume of poems, to meet the "iron verdict" of the world at the present day, is indeed a hazardous thing. Were motives of ambition or personal enrichment the spur, one might well draw back afraid, but the work, in this case, is undertaken in the sweet name of Mercy, and self-consciousness is forgotten, in the earnest desire to do even a little good in the cause of poor suffering humanity. In one of our Western cities, where the smoke of a hundred foundries hangs over the house-tops day and night, and where sickness and suffering have grim lists, a *new* hospital is in process of erection close beside an *old* one, where the poor, the sick, and the maimed are gently tended by religious hands. Through the long wards the black-robed, black-veiled figures swiftly glide, cooling burning lips, bathing fevered brows, whispering of God and Heaven to the parting soul in its death-throes. With cheering words and skilful hand do they soothe the poor crushed victim of some awful disaster, the very description of which, in a daily paper, makes men shudder. The generous public in this Western city have by their contributions begun this new hospital, thereby showing their knowledge and appreciation of the labors of these Sisters of

Mercy; but it is yet unfinished, and when finished it must be supported. To help then, be it ever so little, is the mission of this volume. It goes forth an humble cluster of "Wild Flowers," gathered from the "exuberant garden of a human heart" to pick up a mite here and there, and to leave in return not only the faint perfume it may perhaps bring to some reader, but the eternal reward of that virtue which "covers a multitude of sins."

Of the intrinsic merits of the book there is not much to be said. Written mostly in early years, with never a thought of publication, these poems may present a broad field for the critic; any one versed in English prosody may score the errors. But there are heart, and soul, and faith here too; and if the measures run not smoothly, do we not remember that where *wild flowers grow* the brook and rivulet are musical only by the obstructions in their channels, while the flowers are sweet and their hues most delicate notwithstanding? So, then, we will send our "Wild Flowers" on their mission, and may He who said, "Not even a cup of cold water given in My Name shall lose its reward," make this volume "twice blessed," blessing

"Him that gives and him that takes."

St. Xavier's, Beatty, Pa.,
June 13, 1884.

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PART I.

POEMS.

THE HEART-ANGEL.

Have you felt in the evening silence
When the daylight went to sleep,
When the birds had ceased their twittering,
And the dews begun to weep,
An unseen touch upon you,
A Presence, sweet and calm,
That softened your heart like the music
Of an Angel's tender psalm?

Did it touch your soul with soothing?
Did it lift you up to peace?
Did it open gates of gladness?
Did it make your grieving cease?
Did your soul draw closer Heaven,
Leaving earthly sorrow apart?
Then I tell you that unseen Presence
Was the Angel of your Heart.

Fond mothers may see some idol,
Kiss brows that are pure and white,
And brothers behold a sister
With eyes all loving and bright,
And friend clasp a hand all trusting,
Or rest on a bosom's peace;
Each knoweth his own Heart-Angel,
And the gladness will never cease.

Each heart hath its separate Angel;
The Master ordained it so,

To soften the hours of exile
In this valley of pain and woe.
'Tis a relic of sweet lost Eden,
The joy that must ever start,
The brightness that mem'ry brings us,
With the Angel of the Heart.

So when twilight cometh in silence,
And the toils of the day are done,
The sweet Heart-Angel cometh
And claimeth us for its own.
And in blissful union we linger
'Neath the moonlight's silver bars,
And forget there is aught of sorrow
Under the shining stars.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

CHRISTMAS is coming!
Over the land the tidings are borne,
Borne by the snow-fairies, borne by the frost-spirits,
Christmas is coming! God's peace to all!

Christmas is coming!
Into our houses the echoes are brought,
Brought by the home-angels, brought by our little ones,
Christmas is coming! good will to all!

Christmas is coming!
Down in our hearts old graves open wide,
Open and give us back treasures departed,
Christmas is coming! God help us all!

Christmas is coming!
Out of the steeples the church-bells are pealing,
Pealing sweet music, pealing old anthems,
Christmas is coming! God bless us all!

Christmas is coming!
Creation is ringing with ecstatic singing,
Singing of Angels, of Saints, and of good men,
Christmas is coming! God loves us all!

TRIBUTE TO THE SISTERS OF MERCY, PITTSBURGH,

ON THEIR GOLDEN JUBILEE, DECEMBER 12TH, 1831–81.

A STAR springs up in the far-off East,
The golden harbinger of a feast!
And it speeds its course on the Night's fair breast,
A magical courier out to the West.
Soft zones of radiance wreathing the sky,
Catch the pinions of years that have hurried by,
And, bringing them back, flood their story with light
And beauty and joy on this festival night.
And from shore to shore o'er the billowy sea,
Wherever the Order of Mercy may be,
The star sings, "Golden Jubilee!"

Lo! hear the rustle of wonderful wings,
And the sound of music from golden strings;
See! tender spirits are circling around
And guarding the precincts of Convent-ground.

"Mercy and Truth have met each other,"
Wreathing the brow of a sainted Mother!
"Justice and Peace each other have kissed"
'Neath the night's deep arch of amethyst.
While from shore to shore o'er the billowy sea,
Wherever the Order of Mercy may be,
Its star sings, "Golden Jubilee!"

Look! yonder group in the heavens bright,
They are clothed like the lilies, in vesture white,
And the beautiful gleam of their loving eyes
Wakes the soul to a vision of Paradise.
Poverty! Chastity! see them come!
And Obedience points to the Convent-home.
For Faith and Hope and Charity there
Lift their golden heads like a pictured prayer,
While over the land and over the sea,
Wherever the Order of Mercy may be,
Its star sings, "Golden Jubilee!"

And tiny bands of Seven and Seven
Pour forth from crystal gates of Heaven,
And dropping their dazzling gifts afar,
They kindle abroad the light of the star.
The "Poor," the "Sick," with a gladsome cry,
Are reaching their hands out they know not why,
And the darkened brows of "the Ignorant" shine
With a halo reflected from light divine,
While over the land and over the sea,
Wherever the Order of Mercy may be,
Its star sings, "Golden Jubilee!"

Oh, Catharine McAuley! oh, saint of to-night!
Ten thousand souls has thy love made bright;

'Tis fifty years since this seed, broadcast,
Met the darkness of earth and the wintry blast;
That band of *Three!* it has passed away,
But its work shines out this Jubilee Day,
And with hearts exulting, her children claim
A Foundress—a Saint—in a Mother's name,
And over the land and over the sea,
Wherever the Order of Mercy may be,
They'll crown her this Golden Jubilee.

MESSAGE OF THE LILIES.

TWELVE STATELY CALLAS.

Lilies white, lilies grand!
Bearing a message I understand;
Lifting your stately chalices up
Like an emperor's pearl-and-gold-bound cup.
What is so noble, pure, and fair,
So chastely royal, so loftily rare,
As the wondrous snow-white
Lily!

Lilies white, lilies grand!
How stainless you look as you lie in my hand!
Like altar-linens your vesture seems,
Or Madonna robes in ethereal dreams;
I think of Heaven, throbbing with light,
Of ivory thrones, and souls as white
As the spotless, stately
Lily!

Lilies white, lilies grand!
I have read your message, I understand.
See, I take the kingliest, make it a shrine
For human hearts, two more, and mine;
I place it close to the marble Door,
Where streams of light unceasingly pour,
And graces will flow, ah, sweet and rare
To the hearts in the shrine of the
Lily!

IMOGENE.

Died July 2, 1881.

LONELY, lonely, is the homestead,
Sad the faces young and fair;
From the bright and happy circle
One is missed forever there.

Little face so pure and tender,
Azure eyes and brow serene,
Voice and footstep music ever,
This, our angel Imogene.

Lily-bud, the angels wooed thee,
Hid thee 'neath their snowy wings,
Bore thee to the Master's Bosom,
There to bloom 'mid heavenly things.

Though our burning tears are falling,
Though our hearts are sore with pain,
Would we take thee back from Heaven?
Do we wish thee here again?

Shall we grieve as those whose bosoms
  Know not hope of future grace?
No! for in the far-off Heaven
  We can see thy radiant face.

See it smile in sweetest blessing,
  See it gazing down with love,
See thy little hands outstretching,
  Winning us to look above.

Hushing then our poor hearts' yearning,
  On the Cross our hope we lean;
One more angel guards the household,
  Darling little Imogene.

LUCIA—LIGHT!

December 13.

'Mid the trembling purple shadows
  That drape the departing day,
I pause in the hastening darkness
  Ere I lay my book away.
And I fold my hands for a moment
  On the pages I cannot see,
To link the beautiful mem'ries
  That their story brings to me.

I have read with deepest devotion
  ('Tis her festival to-night)
Of the tender martyred maiden,
  Whose glorious name means "Light."

From the dim old catacomb ages
That Light flows sweetly down,
Through the Church's glorious Missa,
In waves of sacred renown.

But the name,—St. Lucy, martyr,
This quiet hour is fraught
With a new and reverent beauty,
Because of another thought.
It carries me over the ocean,
To a chapel shadowed and dim,
To a bier with a quiet burden,
To the tones of a sad-voiced hymn.

And out of the murmuring music,
And out of the shadows quaint,
There gleams, like an image of marble,
The beautiful face of a saint.
White as the snow-drifts of Heaven,
Smooth are the life-lines there,
On the eyelids the seal of the Angel,
A hush on the lips like prayer.

Her habit is folded about her,
Drapery meet for the Nun;
The veil softly shadows her forehead,
Life's solemn labor is done.
Peace to thee! dear Sister Lucy,
Peace! with its dower of rest,
Peace! for thy exile is over:
Thou hast reached the Home of the Blest.

I think of the record in Heaven,
The mother, the widow, the nun,

Of the lives she lived for the Master,
Of the mission she strove for and won.
And down the slope of Life's evening
She meekly wandered, *alone;*
No heart-string clung to the off'ring
Laid down on the Altar-throne.

Oh! woman heroic and valiant,
Oh! aged and mortified saint,
The weight of the burden is lifted,
Thou'rt far from Life's sorrowful plaint.
Thy name was the "Light," like thy Saviour,
Thy path was the Calv'ry He trod;
Thy life bore the cross of His bidding,
And thy rest is the Bosom of God.

So these are the fragrant heart-thoughts
That come with the waning light,
Draping my soul with beauty
On this St. Lucy's night.
And now 'mid the deepening darkness
That hides the departed day,
I rise from my dreaming fancies
And I lay my book away.

THE CIBORIUM VEIL.

A LABOR OF LOVE.

Softly and warm the April sun
Is gilding the western sky,
And I sit and rest in the dreamy light,
With my finished Work laid nigh.

The sunlight glistens amid the fringe
  And plays in each silken fold;
It throws a glow on the painted buds
  Or lingers amid the gold.

Finished! Beautiful, sacred work!
  How holy thy destiny!
Dwelling with Jesus all alone
  Where His heart has chosen to be.
Only the Mother at Nazareth,
  Weaving the "robe without seam,"
Shines out the Model of my work
  Like the tender star of a dream.

Once, my Lord, in Pilate's hall
  They robed Thee in purple there,
And once Thy garment was scarlet dyed
  Under Gethsemane's prayer;
But here are purple, scarlet, and gold,
  In the veil I have 'broidered, see!
And here half hid are mystical types
  Of the gifts I would offer Thee.

A cross and an oak-leaf! *this*, for Faith,
  Hope's anchor, with ivy green,
A heart, for Charity,—passion-flowers,—
  A lily, thorn-wreathed, between!
These grand, rare virtues give me, Lord,
  In life, in death impart
Faith, Hope, Charity, Purity!
  Till I rest in the joy of Thy Heart.

SUNDAY CHIMES.

Sitting all alone
Sunday afternoon
With a quiet light
Through my pleasant room;
How the silence speaks!
What a world it tells!
Or perhaps it is
The music of the *bells.*

Yes, yes! 'tis the bells! list, list, how they ring,
And the mellow tones rise, as the brazen tongues swing;
Some of them loud, and some of them low,
Wide-mouthed, and iron throats, hear how they go:
The air is all music, and far in the sky
The echoes, all fainting, and tremulous die.

Sitting all alone,
Silence in the air,
Listening to my heart,
Little silence there.

Only in whispers are voices heard there,
Sometimes 'tis passion, sometimes 'tis prayer;
Methinks that the heart is a belfry of chimes
Rung by good angels, or bad ones betimes;

For mournful music floats,
Then soothing, tender notes;
Again, a tinkling airy
Like laughter of a fairy.

Then sobbing tones
Like broken moans!
A minor strain
Like autumn rain,
One bell
Sounds a knell
Then silence.

Sitting all alone
Listening to the din,
Church-bells on the air
Heart-bells deep within.

A JUNE REVERIE.

In the soft warm glow of the afternoon
I sit alone in my pleasant room,
Alone with all the familiar things
That fold me and soothe me like restful wings.
The flowers stir on my window-sill,
My bird beats his golden wires still;
But from other sounds I turn apart
And seek my Picture,—the Sacred Heart;
And those Eyes that follow me seem to say,
"Child of my Heart, oh, come and pray;"
And I murmur half consciously on the way,
"Eyes of Jesus, fixed on me,
Draw my wayward heart to Thee!"

I read, I think, I move about,
The children enter with gleeful shout,

Then away they patter!—I am alone!
The sun slopes down to his western throne,
The golden glow steeps my pictured walls,
And over the beautiful Face it falls.
O'er the slender Hands, and the wound-marks there,
O'er the haunting Eyes that call me to prayer,
And I lift my heart to that Heart above,
And my spirit folds its wings like the dove,
And I utter a soul-cry with tender love,
"Heart of Jesus! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Twilight and starlight softly fall
And steal the glow from my pictured wall,
The purple darkness gathers about,
And busy traffic is stilled without;
But the crimson lamps on my mantel start
A life-like hue in the Sacred Heart,
And the yearning Eyes in the tender Face
Follow and haunt me like touches of grace;
And safe in the darkness my hands I fold,
And offer my life to that love untold,
And murmur the prayer that will never grow old
"Heart of Jesus, pierced for me,
Let me live and die in Thee!"

WHICH?

AN IDEAL.

In the shade of the Convent gardens,
At the foot of our Lady's Shrine,
Sat a cluster of white-veiled maidens,
Waiting the Vesper chime.

The wealth of the golden summer
Lay on the panting earth,
Sunshine and odorous flowers,
And birds with songs of mirth.

Like doves with folded pinions,
They sat in the peaceful shade;
Music was murmuring near them
Where the rippling fountain played.
Their young souls brimmed with gladness,
That boon to the pure heart given,
And their far-off looks were telling
Their thoughts were resting in Heaven.

Close to the fountain's margin
Two faces, wondrously fair,
Lay on the silver waters,
Mirrored perfectly there.
Alike in the wistful glances
That upward ever were set,
But still most strikingly different,
Constance and Antoinette.

Slender and tall and stately
The novice Constance moved,
A queen unconscious of beauty,
In that peaceful solitude.
The deep, bright eyes were shining
With the great heart speaking there,
And the light on the perfect features
Lifted one's soul to prayer.

Pale and fragile and childlike
Was the novice, Antoinette;

One rarely saw the blue eyes
'Neath the long brown lashes set;
But the crimson waves passing over
The delicate features told
The love that had brought her hither
Was more than the heart could hold.

To-day they sat at the fountain,
And the Mother-Mistress saw
High thoughts were filling their bosoms
With feelings akin to awe.
Said she, "My children, tell us
Of the Holy Spirit's touch;
What would ye do for the Master
Who loveth us all so much?"

And the glorious eyes of Constance
Flashed back her full heart's fire,
"Oh, Mother, if truly could we
Be what our hearts desire,
I would wish to be more than a seraph
In love, in love divine;
I would dare to wish for His honor
As a glorious light to shine.
To shine through the earth's lone pathways,
To burn in the human breast,
To fill the world with His love! His love!
E'en a little,—He'd do the rest."

"Child!" said the tender Mother,
"Only the humble may *shine*,
Rare and costly the gems that hide
In the deepest depths of the mine.

The raving blast may extinguish
The brightest, steadiest light,
And woe is the bitter darkness
Of the terrible desolate night!"

Then her eye sought the gentle features
Of her child-like Antoinette;
"What is the thought of your sister?
She has not spoken yet."
The blue-gray eyes were lifted,
Deep musings were haunting there,
And the face was the face of an angel,
Disturbed from adoring prayer.

"My dear Sister Constance has chosen
So grandly noble a part,
'Tis truly a fitting mission
For her lofty, generous heart.
I," and the eyes dropped quickly
To the grass and tender leaves,
"I, like a poor wood-violet,
Could be but *an odor that breathes.*

"Close to His feet I should murmur
All day long my prayer,
And the sweetness He showers upon me
Would spread abroad from there.
I should not dare to leave Him,
I'd surely falter and die,
But the *fragrance* would gather others
To love Him better than I."

Silence fell on the cluster
Of white-veiled maidens there;

The Vesper bell was chiming,
And they quickly glided to prayer;
But each was earnestly saying,
Down in the depths of her heart,
"A *Light* that shines, an *Odor* that breathes,
Which is the higher part?"

AN ANNIVERSARY.

"SACERDOS IN ÆTERNUM."

WHAT are these folded years?
These short, dim cycles of a fleeting past.
Brief records of thy woven hopes and fears,
Sharp griefs, or joys too beautiful to last.
Gleam they with merit, rich like precious ore,
And will they crown thee in the evermore?

"Time is our share of God's Eternity!"
Thy office in His ritual comes from Heaven;
It has no share in time, 'tis unbound, free,
Its seal in David's royal music given.
Ah! will these years anointed be thy crown
When thou art called to lay thine armor down?

Canst call to mind the morning when they knelt
Before the altar where God's glory dwelt?
What awe then thrilled thee through the mystic rite
That made thee sacred in the angels' sight.

Dost mind thee, how thy very soul was bowed
When first the consecrating words thou said'st aloud?
Dost mind the chrism's touch upon thy palms,
The wondrous meaning of thy bound-up hands?
Twelve years ago! See! how the time rolls by!
Measuring its rapid flight unceasingly.

Toil has been thine, and heaviness of heart,
So much to do, and thou so small a part;
Souls lost and fainting, evils still abroad,
Small, poor, and scant the harvest of the Lord.
Nay! 'tis not so, *one* rescued soul counts more
In Heaven's sight than nations' wealth and lore!

And who can count the souls that thou hast won,
Or who can tell the marvels thou hast done,
What wealth of sacramental power outpoured,
Thou fervent minister of Christ the Lord!
Thy words, thy every step, thy sacred hands
Uplifted where the holy altar stands,
Twelve years of treasure! yea, twelve years of grace,
Made glorious by the light of Jesus' Face.

And then thy heavenly crown! thy dazzling throne,
The beauteous radiance of the Lamb thereon,
What rills of light will bathe thy anointed palms,
What rapturous thanksgiving mark thy psalms,
And most thy bliss, when every joy will show
Some *soul* thou saved'st here, in toil, below.

WAITING.

A PICTURE.

Not a study from a master with a grand Italian name,
Ancient coloring, faded outlines, and Time's finger on the frame.
No! around my perfect picture shine no charms of studied art,
Mine is but a tender mem'ry, 'tis a picture of the heart.

Come, my heart, unveil thy picture, place it in the softest light;
Mark its figures, see the faces, tell the shadow and the bright;
Raise the drapery of Mem'ry, touch it with her golden hand,
Lift it high that all may see it, none will fail to understand.

Framed within a Gothic door-way, traced by vine and trumpet-flower,
Some upon the marble threshold, some within the verdant bower,
Sat the group that form my picture; all are "waiting" to depart.
No one utt'ring word of sorrow, yet a shadow in each heart.

Wistful little childish faces, tender eyes of blue or gray,
Little hands in patience folded, heads turned to the carriage-way;
Other faces in the door-way, smiling on the tender eyes,
Smiling at their youthful ardor, smiling at their quick surprise.

Other faces softly shadowed by the wimple and the veil,
Faces where God's light is shining, though the outer sunshine fail,
Quiet figures, near the children, like their guardian spirits stand,
Watching them with loving glances, holding fast each tiny hand.

There is *one* who in the picture glorifies its beauty now,
With His eyes so kind and holy, and His grave and serious brow,
"Father," so the children call Him, claims He place in each young heart,
He is waiting with the children, all are waiting to depart.

One there is with curls all golden, one there is with laughing face,
One there is with wondering blue eyes, one with mark of rarest grace.
"Father," smiling on the children with His hand on sunny brow,
Framed within that Gothic door-way stands the wondrous picture now.

Ah! we're "Waiting," ever waiting, as the days roll swiftly by,
For our Father's message to us, from the far-off azure sky;
One day He will touch our foreheads, whispering, "Come, my child, depart!
Haste, the weary waiting's over, come and rest upon my Heart!"

BABY HAROLD.

A Lily-bud upon the bosom
Of life's dark stream,
And groups of silent angels watching
Like Heavenly dream.

A pause. The little soul they're bearing
Up to the Throne,
And God stoops down and clasps the bud,—
It is His own.

Then swells the glorious anthem
'Mid silver strings,
The music of the babes in Heaven,—
Dazzling things.

Beautiful darling, with the first dawning
Of life's bright day,
Came the white angels, silently, swiftly,
Bore him away.

LINES ON A PICTURE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Gazing on this wondrous Picture
Here before me as I pray,
Earthly thoughts and restless longings
Drift away.

Drift away,—the great world seeming
But a busy hum of life,
Peace within my soul displacing
Weary strife.

Ah! my Picture, thou dost tell me
Of the Calvary where He died.
Through the gloom I see my Saviour,
Jesus Crucified.

See the nails His dear Hands rending,
As those saw who once "passed by;"
Torture, love, and sorrow blending,
Jesus, why?

See the thorns His Brow entwining,
See the livid marks of blows,
Insult, mockery combining,
Why these woes?

See the open arms inviting,
See the wounded Feet and Side,
Human hate, such love requiting,
Crucified!

Sinner! 'tis for me He's bleeding.
Thus He loved me, thus He tried,—
Tried to win my love,—dear Jesus!
Thus He died!

Thus Himself delivered for me.
Loving Heart! what bitter throes!
Broken Heart! e'en lifeless riven
By His foes.

Thus He loved me! was there ever
  Love like this, so touching, sweet?
Tears like Magdalen's I pour out
  On His Feet.

Tears, heart-broken tears of sorrow,
  Would they might outpour alway,
Sin and human weakness bearing
  Far away!

Ah! my Saviour, here I give Thee
  Love, and life, and heart, and soul.
Of my being, Lord, forever
  Take control.

By Thy love, and by Thy Passion,
  Keep my soul from sin and loss.
Help me, Lord, to die or suffer
  On the cross.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A LESSON.

I MEANT it should be so lovely,
  The rarest, choicest thing;
It should glow with the richest colors
  Palette and brush could bring.
Sprays of trailing blossoms
  Should grow beneath my hand,
Clusters of mossy rosebuds,
  And lilies white and grand.

I used to see it before me
When my eyes would close at night,
My fancy would sketch the outlines
And color them rich and bright.
Oh! I meant it should be so lovely,
This "Hope" of mine "deferred,"
And I only patiently waited
To hear the commending word

I often saw it finished,
And framed in a moulding of gold,
And I felt 'twould be labor in sweetness
More than could ever be told.
I used to touch and re-touch it,
Unfold a bud or a leaf,
Throw a light on a tendril,
Bring out a flower in relief.

The design? Four marble pillars,
Shaft, and cornice, and base,
Veined with the softest veining
My finest brush could trace.
The shafts should be fluted in shading,
Corinthian cornice grotesque;
I should copy an exquisite model,
A wonderful Arabesque.

Round the snowy marble pillars
Beautiful flowers should twine,
Or creep from base to moulding
With a graceful floating vine.
Two of the pillars together
Should stand at each fair end,
In the wide silken space, the centre,
Everything lovely should blend.

A crown of glittering brightness,
  Encircling a golden cross,
A half wreath of budding lilies,
  A motto in letters of moss,—
Too much gold would be painful,
  The motto should rise from the flow'rs
Each letter perfect in outline:
  This only, might cost me hours.

Perhaps when this should be finished
  Some other thought might come,
Ere it found its place at the Altar
  Of its beautiful, holy home.
But, oh! 'twas to be most lovely,
  This masterpiece in all time!
Impatient I longed to begin it,
  This "Hope deferred" of mine.

But, ah! like a broken rainbow
  Dissolved in a cloud of mist,
My vision of joy and beauty
  Suddenly was *dismissed!*
Carelessly went the message
  That disappointed my heart,
And almost choked my utterance,
  Like the sting of a sudden dart!

My heart had been set upon it,
  And the Disappointment was pain;
No artist could dream that picture of mine,
  And I'll never paint it again;
But I took the Lesson, and learned it.
  The "Hope deferred" for me
Was a silent tearful struggle,
  And, I trust, a victory.

THE GRANITE CROSS.

IN MEMORIAM.

THERE'S a quiet, peaceful City, not many miles away,
Where flowers bloom all summer and robins chirp all day.

Each house holds a single inmate, no more admitted there;
Man, or woman, or infant, each has a single share.

All day long come the people through the archways of the trees,
In the spring-time, in the summer, winter snows, or autumn breeze.

And the muffled footsteps falter as they leave new inmates there,
With aching hearts and mourning, with sobs half stifling pray'r.

Under the moss and daisies, under the waving grass,
Silent, and cold, and pulseless, the dead lie as they pass.

The people turn in sorrow, and back to the living go,
And many forget their mourning, and a few live on in woe.

The missing are soon forgotten, the sorrow passes away,
While out in the Silent City the robin chirps all day.
Now and then a mourner wanders along alone,
To kneel by a grave fresh sodded or a monumental stone.

Were I in that quiet City, where the shadows fall on the moss,
I would only kneel and linger by the side of a Granite Cross.

OLD MATTHEW'S PICTURE.

A TRUE STORY.

PART FIRST.

One morning, into shore,
Sunlight steeping her o'er and o'er,
Riding stately towards the strand,
Wondrous and beautiful, strong and grand,
Her prow dashing the waves aside,
Breasting and parting the foamy tide,
Heaved a proud steamer.
All about
Th' expectant voyagers stand without,
Waiting with beating hearts the shout
Of the sailors crying "Land!"

At last the chains are down,
Wild with excitement the human throng
Gather, and press, and surge along.
Friends are greeting and tears are flowing,
While the soft land breeze is o'er them blowing;
The bright sun is smiling down o'erhead,
While tender words of greeting are said,
And back again o'er the ocean's foam
Is borne the cry of "Welcome home!"

But apart,
Gazing timidly, his heart
Shining in his eyes, one arm
Guarding a Picture, as from harm,
The other pressed by a woman's hands,
An aged man in silence stands,
Patiently waiting his turn to reach
The busy crowds on the shining beach.

Both are gray,
Their cheeks are furrowed, and deep lines play
About their lips, and about their eyes,
As they fearfully glance, in their quick surprise;
And the woman's eyes are brimming o'er
As she wistfully glances toward the shore.
"Courage, good wife!" said the man, at last;
"Thank God! the dangers of sea are past.
What though alone on a foreign shore,
The Hand that guided us will do more.
Praised be His goodness, He leaves me my life,
My dear Madonna, and my wife."

But tears roll over her wrinkled cheek,
A tenderness deeper than tongue can speak,
And a moan bursts forth on her quivering lip
As she glances around the empty ship.
"Matthew! to-day, in the fields at home,
That sun shines down on our cabin lone,
And you know how near are the graves of the boys,
Our buried treasures, our earthly joys.
Do you blame me, Matthew, that tears will come?
I've left my heart in those graves at home."

"Courage, good wife!"—but his voice grew low
And husky; he thought of the long ago,
When the boys were all round him in their glee,
And no proud father was prouder than he.
There was John, the eldest, sturdy and brave,
The handsomest, noblest, yet first in the grave,
And pale little Matthew, his namesake and pet,
And Daniel and Stephen, he sees them all yet,
And he sees their graves in the church-yard green,
The soft breeze parting the grass between,
The sunlight touching the mounds with gold,
And the scene all bathed as with peace untold.
And the old man bowed his head and cried
Like the trembling woman by his side.

Hear the cry, as the sailors go by:
"Rouse thee, man; the crowd has gone;
Take thy wife and hasten home."

"Home? where's home? for me, for her,
On this strange shore, for the foreigner?"

But he goes. 'Mid the city's bustle and strife
We lose him, his Picture, and his wife.

PART SECOND.

Evening lay on a Western river
Like rosy wine; and many a quiver
Marked the waves as they rose and swell,
Kindling beneath the magic spell.
Five peaceful years have passed away
Since Matthew landed that summer day,
When with tears he thanked God "for his life,
His dear Madonna, and his wife."

Full of faith, he had prospered, and found
Friends and home on the foreign ground.
Cheerfully toiling day by day,
Their lives drifted on; to work, to pray,
To talk of the graves, was their wont to do
As the sun went down on the aged two.

But to-night
Terror and fright
Lay like a spell on the little home,
For Death, it seemed, like a thief had come:
The wife of his bosom lay speechless and pale,
And Matthew's courage began to fail;
But his trust in Heaven was firm and strong,
Though his vigils beside the couch were long.
He thought of the wearisome waste of life,
When she should be gone, his faithful wife.
His heart was breaking; his old gray head
Was sunk on his breast in terrible dread.
Alone, on the pitiless world to be thrown;
To live, *all alone*, to die, *all alone!*
Oh, God! 'twas more than his heart could bear,
And Matthew in agony turned to prayer.

Above the bed the Madonna hung,
A Raphael whose praises had oft been sung;
For Matthew would say, beyond his life
He loved "this Picture and his Wife;"
And the children loved it who were no more:
So he brought it afar from his native shore.
Indeed, the neighbors would smile when he'd say
This heartfelt utterance day by day.
And his "Wife and Picture" were quoted and told
As the type of a love, pure and precious as gold.

With hot tears raining over his cheek,
There on his knees without power to speak,
The old man gazed on the faces mild,
The sweet Madonna and the Child,
And at last his heart-cry found a tone
On his quiv'ring lips in this broken moan:

"Oh, Mother of God! by thy sorrowful throes
Look down on my heart, see its anguish and woes;
Restore me my wife and I give to thy altar
This Picture I love as my life, nor will falter
My vow in an instant fulfilment to make
When my prayer has been granted for Christ's blessèd sake."

A calm like the breath of the soft summer breeze
Stole into his heart, and he rose from his knees.
His wife lived again! and the grateful old pair
To the Church brought the Picture, in tears laid it there.
"Hang it over the altar," cried Matthew; "some other
May need like relief from the dear blessèd Mother.
They will go to her feet for some favor, and ever
Will find it, nor fear a refusal, no, never!
Madonna!" he cried, "a last boon I pray:
When Death comes again, tell him take *both* away!"

PART THIRD.

And still the sun
Over the Western river swung,
And Spring hung out her banner green,
And Summer was empress of the scene,
And Autumn gathered the grape and wheat,
And Winter came with snow and sleet,

Then back again to the desolate earth
Spring returned with the flowers' birth ;
The aged couple still sat at their door,
Still prayed together and gave to the poor.

One still, soft eve in the month of May,
Matthew had gone to the Church to pray,
He knelt at the foot of the Picture dear,
And prayed with a fervor that knew no fear
That Heaven would grant his time to come,
And dwell with God in the holy Home.
A strange presentiment thrilled him o'er,
And he hastened home with a secret awe.

There in the porch sat his aged wife,
Her head bent forward, *at peace with life!*
The wrinkles were gone from her aged brow,
No tears in the faded blue eyes now,
In her icy fingers her rosary lay,
Her last sweet prayer that bright May-day.
One sharp, quick cry brought the neighbors near ;
They lifted up Matthew but saw no tear.
Tenderly over the pulseless breast
They folded her withered hands at rest ·
They smoothed the scanty silver hair,
And wondered they never thought her fair.
Her lips were smiling as though in sleep,
And a strange sweet sadness made them weep,
But Matthew wept not, no word he said,
And they whispered, " Leave him alone with his dead."

One by one they stole away ;
The old man, they said, must weep and pray.

They closed the door, and darkness crept
O'er the lonely watcher and her who slept.
The night wore on. The old man's prayer
Was heard in Heaven and *answered* there.
When morning lifted its golden head
The Watched and the Watcher *both were dead!*

Two coffins stood in the shadowy aisle,
The Madonna above them seemed to smile,
For the last time together, at peace with life,
The Picture, old Matthew, and his Wife.

SEQUEL.

And time rolled on. The Picture stayed
In the humble Church where old Matthew prayed.
At last they built a stately pile
And forgot the Madonna!
———'Twas but for a while:
To a "Convent of Mercy" they brought it with care,
And reverently hung the Picture there.
So over that Convent altar to-day
The Madonna smiles in her old-time way,
And when sunset falls on the faces fair,
The dark-veiled Sisters kneel in prayer,
And after the Angelus-chime, is said,
Softly and low, the Psalm for the dead,
And mayhap they feel as they linger there
All things are granted to Faith and Prayer.

IRISH SEA-WEED.

Delicate crimson sea-weed,
Finest of fairy lace,
Found on the rocks of Erin,
Caught in the waves' embrace!
Marvellous, exquisite, fragile,
Feathery, soft and bright,
Floating from some shell-palace
Hidden deep from sight.

Faintly odorous sea-weed,
Covered with powdered brine,
Relic of sweetest mem'ries
To one in distant clime,
Dweller 'neath Irish heaven!
Held on my finger-tips,
Waft but a breath from Erin
To a starving exile's lips!

Beautiful Irish sea-weed!
Mortals have strangest hearts,
Quivering e'en to the eyelids,
Dropping the tear that starts!
Chords of an inner music
Wake with these soulless things,
And the spirit flies to its magnet
With a rush like mighty wings.

THE OLD CISTERN.

In the depths of each heart lies a casket of treasures,
Homely relics, perhaps, that the world may despise,
But which yield to us purest and holiest pleasures,
And, striking the heart-spring, send tears to the eyes.
Though changed be the scenes of our calm sunny childhood,
We cling to the lowly mementos of yore,
Though it e'en be a Cistern, a mossy-lined Cistern,
A grass-covered Cistern that stands by the door.

That old-fashioned Cistern! how strangely 'tis blending
With the grand stately pile that has risen around,
But its wide homely mouth to my spirit is sending
The joy of a music that nowhere I've found;
It tells me of forms full of youth, full of beauty,
Of voices, of footsteps, I'll hear nevermore.
Oh, much does it tell me, that ancient gray Cistern,
The grass-covered Cistern that stands by the door.

That rough, homely Cistern! how vivid the mem'ries
Of words that were said in the days that are past!
Methinks I can hear them, those clear silv'ry voices,
That went like the flowers, so soon and so fast.
A requiem sighs in the long grass above them,
And naught but yon Heaven their forms can restore,
The bright youthful faces that shone o'er the Cistern,
The grass-covered Cistern that stands by the door.

But joy, like a rich living western sunbeam,
Comes over my soul with its light and its balm,

And I turn to the dear ones who gather around me,
And rest, as of old, in the Home sweet and calm.
Their voices, their faces, how chastened! how peaceful!
Though the bright soul-lit eyes are the same as of yore,—
The same that met mine once, beside the Old Cistern,
The grass-covered Cistern that stands by the door.

LITTLE SISTER JENNIE.

Softly through the dying trees,
Mingled with the autumn breeze,
Rose the mournful funeral song;
Vested priests the requiems singing,
Cross aloft and censer swinging,
Slow they bore the child along.

Child she was, yes, scarce the seeming
Of life's morning o'er her beaming,
When it faded and she slept.
Few the times the spring buds flushing
Into summer roses blushing,
Or the wintry heavens wept,
Since her laugh had been the brightest,
And her step the gayest, lightest
Of the merry school-girl throng.

But the Lord one word had spoken,
Ties of love were quickly broken,
And she brought her heart to Him.
Gentle, simple, pure, and holy,
Loved by all, and yet most lowly,
Could she fail the prize to win?

So like dew upon a flower,
Or the stars at dawning hour,
Softly did she pass away.
In our little vale she's sleeping,
Shade and sunlight o'er her creeping,
Where the wild birds sing all day.

Twilight shadows fast are stealing
O'er the Sisters that are kneeling
Round dear little Jennie's grave.

SILVER JUBILEE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

SOLEMN PONTIFICAL MASS.

Oh Ritual sublime! majestic Rite!
Caught up to Heaven, I drink the sacred sight.
Grouped at the awful altar there they stand,
In golden robes, its wondrous Levite band,
Their faces stamped with reverence and devotion,
With mystic meaning fraught each solemn motion,—
The mitred Celebrant, the saintly Deacon,
The High-Priest, nor do minor orders weaken
Th' assisting ranks. *All priests*, all priests divine;
Anointed all, to touch the bread and wine.

A bard of ours writes well on other theme,
We'll bend his metre to this mystic scene,
For inspiration is not born of earth,
The poet's richest chords owe Heaven their birth,

And so to grasp his thought we will not falter,
But let his rare ideal serve the altar.

"Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully, and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from dreamland for his lay,
Then as the touch of his loved instrument
Brings hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flashes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream."*

So thus the organ murmured half in doubt
The while they bore the sacred vestments out,
But when they signed each brow and breast in prayer,
A burst of music woke the solemn air,
Voices to deep-toned diapason lent
Their pleadings, in the "Kyrie" upsent,
And every heart within the crowded fane
Bowed low, and swelled the prayerful refrain.

It dies away. The "Gloria's" joyous tone
Through pillared arches rises to the throne.
The "Collects" o'er, the "Epistle's" wondrous words
Have ceased to echo in the hearts they stirred.
And now a separate group apart have gone
With clouds of incense and with lights upborne;
Like harpstring rich the Deacon's voice is heard,
And all God's people rise to hear His Word.

Oh Gospel of St. Luke! it seems to me
Thy story never ran so touchingly;

---

* Lowell.

Loud through the chambers of my heart to-day
Those accents murmur as I kneel to pray.
I see the Lord surrounded by the throng,
That hides His Presence as He moves along;
I see the sycamore Zaccheus climbed,
That he, so "low of stature," still might find
The Face his inner soul, as yet but weak,
Resistlessly impelled him thus to seek.
All thrilled I hear the gentle Master say,
"Make haste, Zaccheus, and come down! This day
I will abide here at thy house with thee!"
Dear Lord, Thou sayest still the same to me.
Ah! how the memory bids my heart rejoice
The while I listen to that rich deep voice!
I close my eyes and let its beauty roll,
Like melody of Heav'n, through my soul.

Oh! souls of ours, so sensitive, to love
And call *this* Heaven, oh! what *is* Heaven above!
The Heaven of light, of beauty, and of bliss,
Where our Espousals pale a scene like this;
The Heaven in which the Eternal Lamb is slain
Upon the Eternal Altar o'er again.
That sacrifice all endless, earth or Heaven,
The *Mass!* the holy *Mass!* what more is given!
The memory of the Calvary where He died
Rills from the prints in Hands, and Feet, and Side!
Divine and human, there thy Lord to see,
And in the sweetness of the vision be
In wordless bliss, for evermore at rest
Upon the gentle Saviour's loving Breast!

A NIGHT-SONG.

Moonbeams streaming o'er the mountain
Bathe my home with silver light,
Dreamy music from the fountain
Murmurs sweetly of the night;
Peace and rest their wings extending
O'er the world, around, above,
Whisper, ere the night enfoldeth,
Let us pray for those we love,
Pray, for those we love.

O'er the Convent silence reigneth,
Save the murmured voice of prayer:
Tender words in deep petition
Utter blessings everywhere;
Voices from the heart ascending
Pleading in the Heaven above,
And the great world sinks to slumber
While we pray for those we love,
Pray, for those we love.

Friends belovèd, sleep in safety
As we pray for peaceful rest,
Angel forms will guard your pillow,
Bring you visions pure and blest;
Through the moonlight and the silence,
While the stars float on above,
Murmured voices thrill your slumber,
As we pray for those we love,
Pray, for those we love.

SOUL TO SOUL.

From the "Flowers of St. Francis."

I was reading to-day in the "Flowers,"
  Those poems of exquisite grace,
Where we seem to be list'ning to angels,
  Or speaking with saints face to face.
I was reading one, lovelier than others,
  And I read it again and again,
For it seemed, as I conned the page over,
  The richer its lesson became.

You've read it! The beautiful meeting
  Of Giles and King Louis of France,
How their hearts were too full of God's sweetness
  To utter one word in their trance;
How they knelt at the Convent's gray portal,
  Enfolded on each other's breast,
And parted without a word spoken,
  The Friar or Louis, his guest.

Then the Brethren all sorrowful, learning
  That the King was so treated by Giles,
Went forth to upbraid the dear Friar,
  And found him all beaming with smiles.
"'Twas surely," quoth they, "most uncivil,
  A King! from afar—and a Saint!
Good Giles, not a word to have spoken!
  The Convent doth ring with complaint."

Methinks I can see the dear Friar
Uplifting his meek, holy face,
The smile of God's joy brimming over
Each feature with beautiful grace.
Methinks I can see the poor habit
All shining with heavenly light,
And list to his words full of wonder,
Outfloating like music at night.

"My brothers belovèd, I pray you
Grieve not o'er the things that you see;
I could not hold speech with King Louis,
Nor could he hold converse with me.
The weak tongue of man is too feeble
His soul's thrilling rapture to tell,
And words do but fetter the spirit;
In *silence* God's mysteries dwell.

"And so the good King has departed
O'erflowing with joy from above,
Our God consolations imparted
In silent communion of love.
So brothers belovèd, I pray you
Grieve not o'er the things that you see;
In *silence* my soul spoke to Louis,
In *silence* his soul spoke to me."

Do you wonder, my friend, that this "Flower"
Has laid its soft touch on my heart?
That I hastened to gather its sweetness
And muse on its mystical part?
So I share you its peace and its gladness,
Though *together*, our words are so few,
But like Louis and Giles, in *God's silence*,
Our souls will hold sweet converse too.

STRUGGLE: PEACE.

"GO AND DO LIKEWISE."

ALONE in our dim sweet Chapel
I knelt as the sun went down;
The twilight shadows thickened,
And curtained me close around.

The saints in the stained-glass windows
Stood out in the misty light,
And the statue of blessèd Mary
Seemed floating before my sight.

Up through the open casement
Came the lowing of drowsy kine,
The bleating of sleepy lambkins,
The rustling of oak and pine;

The humming of myriad insects
Out of the dewy grass,
The sigh of the wandering zephyrs,
That could only sigh and pass.

Out on the lawn the children
Were laughing in joyous glee,
And like music the mellowed voices
Were faintly borne to me.

My heart was sad and restless,
My soul was full of pain;
Closer I pressed to the altar,
Though I seemed to pray in vain.

The star in its lamp of silver
Trembled alone in space,
And the air seemed full of shadows
Peopling the holy place.

Ah! how my heart was throbbing!
I gazed at the marble Door,
Praying His grace to aid me,
And come to my help once more.

All week I had fought and struggled
On the unseen battle-field,
But now I was spent and weary,
And it seemed I would have to yield.

My eyes with tears were heavy,
My lips too parched for prayer,
So I took my heart all quivering
And laid it throbbing there.

How long I knelt I knew not,
I marked not the hours' flight;
The Angels know the struggle
They saw at His Feet that night.

* * * * *

Through the soft, encircling shadows
At last came a thrill of Peace,
And I calmly rose from His Presence;
He had said to my heart-ache—Cease!

GATHERING "CLOVER."

Over the city the sunset is streaming,
  Touching the housetops with crimson and gold;
Into my room comes the glow grandly beaming,
  Bathing its walls with a glory untold.
But my heart, it has wings, the troublesome rover,
It is out on the hill-side gathering clover.

Vases of roses are near me, distilling
  Odors delicious as Eastern perfume,
Soft strains of music are coming with twilight,
  Lifting my soul to the realm past the tomb.
But my heart, don't I tell you? the troublesome rover,
It is out on the hill-side gathering clover.

Sounds from the city grow fainter and fainter,
  Voices and footsteps they pass me in vain;
Over the smoke and the house-tops I'm soaring,
  Friends, dearest friends! I am with you again,
And my heart laughs aloud, the ridiculous rover,
We are out on the hill-side gathering clover.

Sweet sunny hill-side! dear tangled pathways!
  Bird-song and breeze are the music I hear;
Bright, pleasant faces, hands full of roses,
  And the kind voices of friends gathered near;
Roses for them, but for me, foolish rover,
Satisfied am I gathering clover.

Thanks be to God! there are moments of pleasure,
Pure as the fountain and bright as the flow'rs,
Sent us to lighten earth's toil and its shadows,
Sent to remind us of Eden's lost bowers.
In Heaven, perhaps, the heart, once a rover,
Will smile, looking back on its "Gathering Clover!"

THE GRADUATE'S FAREWELL.

A STRANGE and weary shadow lies upon my soul to-day;
Though all around is beautiful, is wondrous bright and gay,
I feel because 'tis fading, the vision is so fair,
Its tints of radiance so rich, its happy light so rare.

Ah, yes! my Home, long years have flown, and now I say Adieu
To all the hallowed ties that bound my daily life to you;
For Hall and Class-room seem to say, in tender tones and mild,
"The time has come, go forth alone; thou art no more a child."

To-day 'mid all the busy glee that echoed everywhere
I sought once more the class-room door, to see my desk and chair;
"*My* desk, *my* chair, no longer," I murmured with a sigh,
As mutely seemed *they* too to breathe a last and sad Good-by.

Oh, pleasant room! oh, Convent-halls! how oft we've
lingered there,
In merry groups, or silent, when we passed the haunt of
prayer!
How oft we stole a visit to the Throne of tireless love,
When childish troubles moved our souls to seek for peace
Above!

Ah, yes! when sterner years to come their weight of woe
will bring,
How often will our tired souls come back on mem'ry's
wing
To gaze again upon the peace, to dream once more the
bliss,
That poured into our youthful souls in moments spent like
this!

There kneeling 'neath the Altar-lamp, its soft light floating
down,
And trembling on the Sacred Door, or kindling Mary's
crown,
The silent, holy Chapel seemed e'er filled with fragrance
sweet,
That must have come from Angels' censers swinging at
His Feet.

The image too of Mary, where dreamy odors rise
From vases that *our* hands had filled with flow'rs of richest
dyes,
When turning, ere our Class began, to crave her blessing
kind,
A lightened heart and confidence we'd ever surely find.

Farewell to all these hallowed spots, the shadow darker grows,
And o'er my saddened spirit now its gloomy widening throws.
But, oh! dear Alma Mater, teach us as we say Adieu
To guard the priceless lessons that our hearts first learned from you.

Loved teachers, we must leave you, and though the coming years
Seem bright as hues prismatic when we gaze through falling tears,
We know there is no rarer light, no joys so pure and sweet,
As those our young hearts tasted as we gathered at your feet.

We know God holds the future in His Heart of tender love,
We know a destiny is wrought for us in Heaven above;
We, women of the coming day our holy Faith must hold,
And prove our high-born mission here by deeds and words of gold.

Companions, friends, we leave you, no more with you to roam,
Light-hearted school-girls, through the halls of this our Convent home;
We leave the fair horizon of a wild and careless glee
To launch our timid, trembling bark upon Life's troubled sea.

Once more, then, Alma Mater, dear Hall, each fav'rite spot,
Companions loved, and teachers kind, that ne'er will be forgot,
Once more with fond affection, deeper than words can tell,
We utter from our swelling hearts a loving, sad Farewell.

A BIRTHDAY IN LENT.

As we grow old
Our Birthdays are the "Stations" of our lives,
At each to pause and take a little breath,
Then looking back upon the year that's gone,
Resume the "Via Crucis" on to death;
The via crucis of our thorn-crowned King,
Until the Gates of Pearl shall backward swing,
Then, like the lilies on the Altar's breast,
We too shall find before His Throne our rest.

LINES TO E. OF H. M.

WITH A PICTURE OF THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL.

Oh, Bard of our Lady, it seemeth to me
That Mary's own Angel should watch over thee;
The strains of thy harp breathing love's pure emotion
Responsively thrill me with deepest devotion,
And though but a dream to me, may I not dare
To whisper for thee but this low, timid prayer?—
May Gabriel, first Bard of the dear peerless Queen,
Watch over the Poet whose soul she has been.

NO MOTHER!

No Mother! Oh, the loneliness!
The weight of dumb and aching woe!
The purest spring of human love
Forever sealed on earth below.

No Mother! Oh, that shrouded eye!
That held such loving, tender light;
Those marble lips! that ever breathed,
To me, in tones of sweet delight.

Those dear hands! meekly laid at rest,
Their warm and kindly pressure stilled;
That silent, pulseless, heaveless breast!
Till now with such affection filled.

Oh, precious form! oh, peaceful face!
Calm in its long and dreamless sleep;
Oh, let me once more bow my head
And on that gentle bosom weep!

And through the vista, long and dim,
Of vanished years, oh! let me stray,
Forgetting all save that dear smile,
That lights the loneliest, saddest way.

The smile still lingers, but 'tis mute,—
Mute as the sweet white flowers there;
And yet such mocking lines of life
Rest upon every wave of hair.

No Mother? Oh, it cannot be!
How can I go and bear my grief?
Look up, my soul, to Calvary's height,
There seek for comfort and relief.

My God! my God! if nature seem
Rebellious, broken-hearted, wrung,
The spirit's trembling accents are,
"Father, Thy holy will be done!"

HOW THE ANGELS HEARD A MASS.

A LEGEND FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

I.

Once I can remember
Reading of a Saint
In an olden legend,
Charming 'twas and quaint.
'Twas a holy Bishop,
Bonnet was his name,
And his "See" was Clermont,—
Place of little fame.

II.

Praying during midnight
In the Church so dim,
Suddenly he started
There to hear a hymn,

Low, and sweet, and swelling
Through the arches gray,
Trembling to the Altar,
Dying there away.

III.

Filled with awe and trembling
Knelt St. Bonnet there,
Daring scarce to murmur
Words of holy prayer;
For a long procession,
Angels robed in white,
Trailing snowy pinions,
Floated into sight.

IV.

Then a crowd of martyrs
Mingled with the rest,
Blood-red sparkling crosses
Blazing on each breast;
Last of all our Lady
Glided in their midst,
With her azure mantle
Veiled in fleecy mist.

V.

Six bright boy-like cherubs
Holy vestments bore,
And a seventh carried
Chalice on before.

Pausing at the Altar,
Circled they around;
When our Lady entered,
Bowed they to the ground.

VI.

Hushed were all the anthems,
Not a rustle broke
On the solemn stillness
When our Lady spoke;
And her voice of silver
Seemed so marvellous sweet,
That St. Bonnet longed
To prostrate at her feet.

VII.

"Bring the Sacred Vestments
Holy Mass to say!"
And the tapers twinkled
With a starry ray;
And the soft-winged Angels,
So it came to pass,
Made the Altar ready
For the Holy Mass.

VIII.

But a whisper floated
Through the Heavenly band,
Who of them was worthy?
Whose the anointed hands?

Then our Lady turning
To St. Bonnet round,
Saw the holy Bishop
Weeping on the ground.

IX.

Sweetly then she whispered,
"Son, arise and say,
For thy Heavenly Visitors,
Holy Mass to-day."
But the humble Bishop
Sank upon the stone,
Which grew soft and yielding,—
Left his impress on.

X.

Trembling still with rapture,
Still he dared not stand,
Till our dearest Lady
Took his aged hand,
Led him to the Altar,
Where it came to pass
Silent Angels robed him
For the Holy Mass.

XI.

Then with foreheads lowly
Bowed each Heavenly guest,
As the Bishop signed him
On the brow and breast.

"Judica me Deus!"
Murmured he in tears,
Angel-whispers answered
'Mid his rapturous fears.

XII.

"Kyrie eleison!"
Said the Bishop now,
While a golden glory
Gathered on his brow.
Lo! from silver trumpets
Rang an Angel-blast,
"Gloria in Excelsis"
Sang the choirs at last.

XIII.

So 'mid tears and music
Rapture! thrilling bliss!
Mass was too soon ended,
Such a Mass as this!
Then the holy Bishop
Bowed unto the hand
Of disrobing Angels
At the Queen's command.

XIV.

Stole and snowy girdle,
Maniple of white,
Chasuble all glittering,
Vanished from his sight.

But the *Alb* still floated
To the sacred floor,
Texture, oh, so dazzling!
Ne'er had been before.

XV.

And our Lady whispered,
"Son, we leave to thee
Pledge of this our visit,
Stainless let it be!"
Then the vision vanished,
Bonnet was alone,
Rays of early morning
Gilt the pile of stone.

XVI.

Through the old stained windows
Came the colored light,
Early birds seemed singing
Of that wondrous night.
And the Alb was floating
To the sacred floor,
And the Saint was pondering
All that went before;

XVII.

Then his bursting spirit
All its rapture found,
Weeping with thanksgiving
Fell he to the ground.

There they found St. Bonnet
When the daylight came,
With the *Alb* still floating
Round his aged frame.

XVIII.

Thus the legend ended,
How it came to pass,
Legions flew from Heaven
To assist at Mass.
Much I pondered on it,
And my wonder grew
At my slothful worship,
Knowing all I knew.

XIX.

So with hearts adoring
E'er at Mass assist,
Let thy soul be humble,
Wandering thoughts resist.
And the lovely moral
Of this Legend quaint
Will be yours, children,
From that aged Saint.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING AT HOME TO-NIGHT?

1874.

WHAT are they doing at home to-night?
I think I can see them, though far away,—
Can see the large luxurious room,
And the gas-lights burning bright as day.

Buried deep in his easy-chair,
Drawn to the drop-light on the table,
My father sits with folded hands:
To hold his paper he seems not able;
His eyes are closed, and his thoughts adrift
Back in the stream of long ago,
And he vaguely listens to outer sounds
He does not heed or care to know.

My brother dear, with his careless air,
Reclines at ease in a cushioned nook;
The shadows fall on his frank white brow,
And on the leaves of his open book.
He beats the time of a fav'rite tune
That comes to his half-unconscious ear,
Or else he is humming soft and low,
Lest he should waken the sleeper near.

At the piano, some paces off,
Touching idly the yielding keys,
Breathing her thoughts in snatches of song
Or fragments of fav'rite melodies,

My sister there in the half-light sits,
With the roses of youth on her rounded cheek;
She misses the absent tones in the chord,
And the music tells what she does not speak.

Yes, there they are! while over the snow,
Miles away in our peaceful home,
This night when the moonbeams silver the roof
And the frost-spirits dance as they onward roam,
Here 'mid the heavenly calm and peace,
Secluded from worldly toil and fear,
The missing links of the home-chain are
So far away, and yet so near.

And as we kneel, my sister and I,
Breathing our prayers at the foot of the Throne,
Then comes the thought, with a blessing for all,
"What are they doing to-night at home?"

LYRIC TO THE SACRED HEART.

HEART of my Saviour, with tenderness glowing,
Ever upon me such treasures bestowing,
Kneeling before Thee, each hot, restless yearning
Breaks like the sea-wave to ocean returning.

Heart of our Father, deep voices ascending
Claim the sweet pity that o'er us is bending,
Wander our footsteps in ignorant blindness,
Bring back Thine own with a Father's dear kindness.

Heart of our Brother, could love's name be dearer?
Mary's own children! we dare to draw nearer,
Press we still closer to Jesus our Brother,
Claiming His Heart through the Heart of our Mother.

Heart of our God, with the Saints we implore Thee,
Heart of our Jesus, with angels adore Thee,
Heart the most gracious, most loving, most holy,
Make our poor hearts like to Thine, meek and lowly.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

Oh, worn and homely relic of a past and faded time,
Thy ancient grace has vanished, thou art touched with silver rime,
The music of thy busy round seems now unmeaning, cold,
My Grandmother's Spinning-Wheel,—eighty years old.

The children come and touch thy edge, and turn thee as they smile
In curious noisy wonder thus, their playtime to beguile;
Perhaps they use thee roughly, too, for childhood oft is bold,
My Grandmother's Spinning-Wheel,—eighty years old.

And then they gather at my knee thy story to repeat,
How, years long gone, this hollowed board was pressed by busy feet,

And she who drew the silky flax was graciousness untold;
For neither wheel nor spinner then gave thought to growing old.

The homestead! how it rises now! a picture ever new,
As memory draws the veil of years and brings it into view,
And one by one the many graves give back the broken fold
That gathered round the spinning-wheel in happy days of old.

A mother's kind and gentle face, a father's honored form,
Brothers and sisters! scattered now like leaves in autumn's storm;
What mirth then reigned the daylight through! and sunset's rosy gold
Fell brightly on that spinning-wheel,—now eighty years old.

Oh, hearts of ours! forever young though head be bowed and gray,
Forever moved from tears to smiles, from serious to gay,
Give thanks to God, for earthly woes, though countless and untold,
Are but the paths to yonder skies, where nothing groweth old.

And so, time-honored relic, thou spinnest still a thread,
A lesson pure and living, though thou tellest of the dead;
No wonder that I cherish thee, and prize thee more than gold,
My Grandmother's Spinning-Wheel,—eighty years old.

TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND.

ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION.

Ten mile-stones! anointed with chrism divine,
Ten years daily bathed in the Altar's sweet wine,
Ten pearls of great price interlinking with gold,
The Lily of Priesthood, as fair as of old,
To-day a new bud on the "rod" of thy years
With the decade that blossomed 'mid labors and fears.
"Alter Christus!" the mountain-top yet must be won,
Thy day has not come to the set of its sun;
Toil on, ere thine Olivet rise through the mist,
And the King opes the portals of starred amethyst.
It may not be far to thy crown and thy palm,
To the haven of rest, to the peace sweet and calm,
Oh! then in the hour that calls thee away,
May thy crown and thy joy be the thought of this day.

May 24, 1882.

FADED FLOWERS AFTER BENEDICTION.

Flowers, faded flowers, drooped is each beauteous head;
Ye could not bear the dazzling light, the holy awful dread,
The organ's swell, the incense wreaths, the waxen tapers round;
Ye could not bear His Presence, flowers, ye bowed unto the ground.

Flowers, withered flowers, what did your pure hearts say,
As lovingly and gently at the 'Monstrance foot you lay?
Did you not thrill with strange delight, with wonder and with fear,
To think that little flowers like you should be to God so near?

Ye did not mind the solemn chant, the little silver bell,
The rustling of the Angels' wings as down to earth they fell;
Ye only felt your tiny lives depart in fragrance sweet,
When the blessing fell upon you as you lay at Jesus' Feet.

And so, my *withered* flowers, ye are precious in my sight:
Ye died for Him who made ye all so lovely and so bright.
Ah! would that I, His feeble child, might spend time's golden hours
In sending forth sweet fragrant deeds, like ye, dear Faded Flowers.

A DREAM.

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER.

The snow is on the roofs and spires, the moon is shining down,
And gemming with a frosty light this black and grimy town;
The stars float out, and softly hang, below the violet skies,
And gaze upon the swinging earth like tender angel-eyes.

I lean upon the window-sill and look into the night;
The city-sounds are hushed to sleep and nothing comes in sight,
Only the city-lamps in rows grow fainter down the street,
As distance links the trembling sparks, until at last they meet.

I think!—and Thought a whisper brings, a mem'ry sweet and dear,
"To-morrow morn will bring for *him* another golden year!"
For *him*, my precious Father, a birthday comes again,
A golden Jubilee increased with half the decade—ten.

Perhaps I sleep! and do I dream? what is it that I see
Out in the sparkling winter sky? behold! what comes to me!
A radiant angel clothed in white,—a youth of perfect mould,—
Fresh opening manhood, noble brow, and face of light untold.

His garment trailed the purple sky, the starlight glimmered through,
His broad white wings upheld him as he slowly swept in view;
And then I saw his glorious face, so beautiful and bright,
It seemed to throw fresh lustre on the radiant winter night.

No poet e'er could dream a dream so full—so full of bliss;
No painter e'er could call to light a face—a face like this;
No bard could sing of beauty so rapturous a strain,
As e'er to bring that angel's form before my soul again.

He slowly paused before me, and like a silver chime
The music of his lips broke forth like poet's flowing rhyme;
"I am your father's Guardian!" he said, and smiled again,
And, lifting up his slender hands, I saw he held a chain.

A *wondrous chain!* with many a link! and many a various light,
That lay upon it through the gleam of the clear and starry night;
How long it seemed! and swiftly as I marked it o'er and o'er
I counted carefully the *links*,—they numbered fifty-four.

And then I saw the vision meant my father's years of life,
And every link was tinctured with its share of earthly strife;
His infant years, his boyhood's days, his manhood's splendid prime,
And further on these latter years, until this birthday's chime.

The chain began with slender threads of purest silver bright,
Untarnished by a cloudy ray, or shadowed by a blight;
Anon, the links with swelling clasp from silver change to gold,
But seemed it that the lustrous light, though brighter, still was *cold*.

The golden clasps were changing now, some dim with rust or stain,
Though now and then a single link shone purely bright again;

A score or more seemed dim and dull,—some lost their golden hue,—
But still the angel held them *all* before my wondering view.

Then once again the links emerged, in pure and lustrous gleam,
And as they neared the closing link, still brighter was their sheen;
And as the angel held to me the fifty-fourth, the last,
It seemed so radiant and so bright, it glorified the past.

The angel said, with winning smile, "'Twill be so to the end;
Each year linked on will glow with deeds that Heaven-ward will tend;
Your father's years in peace will glide,—life's solemn labor done,
His closing hours with good works filled, will be like setting sun,—

"Like setting sun that fills the earth with floods of golden light,
And thrills us with its grandeur as it disappears from sight:
So shall the just, in gentle peace, thus sweetly fade away,
And leave calm, starry twilight brooding o'er the sleeping clay."

I started,—when the sweet voice ceased,—I opened wide my eyes;
Naught could I see around me but the quiet starlit skies;
No angel stood before me, but as I gazed to Heaven,
And tried to believe it was a dream, the house-clock struck eleven.

March 1, 1874.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

A REPLY.

Who drives them hence? The lilies' drifted snow!
Meet footstool for the pure white Host to-day!
No fragrance need we where all perfumes flow,
No royal rose to make a thorny way,
But stately heads all bowed like angels white,
To hail their passing Saviour's gentle might.
Oh, purest King, we hear Thy tender tones;
Thou, Spouse, who feedeth 'mong the lilies fair,
Make white as lilies hearts whose tearful moans
Would fain wash off the stains of sin, and dare
To press in loving boldness to Thy Feet,
All thrilled, to feast at Love's own Banquet sweet.
Bring purest lilies! not the passion-glow
Of rich red roses; on a feast like this
They tell of blood, or else voluptuous flow
With worldly memories of a worldly bliss;
Pure, passionless, and deep as Love's own chalice,
Let lilies come to grace His earthly palace.
Who drives them hence? the lilies are His own;
They even bloom in Heaven around His Throne.

THE OLD HOME OF HAPPY SCHOOL-DAYS.

Though the mist of years has gathered round, Old Home,
I see thee still,
With thy wealth of rich, rare beauty on each sunny vale
and hill;
Thy soft blue sky, thy fleecy clouds, thy sunset and thy
dawn,
Thy deep, cool groves, thy glowing flow'rs, thy birds at
eve and morn.

Oft as a child I loved to sit, when study's toil was o'er,
Alone in dreaming pensive mood beside the "back porch
door;"
I'd watch the oak-crowned hills beyond blend with the
azure mist,
And nurse the fancies, strange and wild, my soul could not
resist.

It was my favorite spot, that porch, though many passed
along,
Yes, scarce a moment was it free from footstep, laugh, or
song;
Yet oft when merry crowds were there, my heart and eyes
were still
Fixed on the blue mist creeping up that grand old oak-
crowned hill.

I see it yet before me now beyond that sloping green,
Where the thick hedge traced the carriage road, till curving, 'twas unseen
Beyond the brook that faintly seemed a strand of silver thread,
Worked in the purple velvet of the fragrant violet's bed.

There was another favorite spot, it was the haunt of prayer,
And oh, my soul! how many times we've knelt in silence there!
Dear Chapel, with its silver lamp, the Sanctuary's bound,
And shadowed arches, 'neath which hung the Via Crucis round.

I loved to watch the gentle nuns, as noiselessly and slow,
With downcast eyes and sweeping trains, to choir they'd come and go,
Their faces, oh, so radiant! with God's seal of holy peace,
I'd press my hands upon my heart to make its flutt'ring cease.

But all these hallowed haunts are gone; there came a raging fire
Which rose relentless o'er our home, e'en to its very spire,
And soon its lonely ashes lay deserted on the spot,
And save by those who loved it *old St. Xavier's* is forgot.

Time passed, and o'er those ashes, stately and grand and proud,
A noble pile upreared its head, e'en to the very cloud.
But give me back those ruins sad, the *old* Home ever will
Be *my* home of happy memory, my Alma Mater still.

FRITZ.

With ruffled plumes and half-closed eye
My Fritz, poor birdie! here doth lie!
Cold and dead on my outstretched palm;
While I strive to think, I am very calm,
That *only* a bird has died to-day,
And a score or more may come my way.

But Fritz, 'tis vain, and a foolish tear
Drops on the hand that forms thy bier,
Drops on the delicate feet so slender,
Drops on the little form so tender;
And the yellow feathers, beautiful yet,
Are moist with my tribute of regret.

I dare not look at the empty cage;
I'd miss the bright eye, arch, yet sage,
The toss of the little tufted head,
The fluttering wings, pretence of dread,
And I'd miss the swell of the little throat
Whence came each thrilling exquisite note.

At early morn, who welcomed me,
Beating his golden wires with glee?
Who perched like a sunbeam on the tips
Of my fingers, and pecked at my scolding lips?
Who trilled, and warbled, and chirped, until
I would hush him, and call out, "Fritz, be still"?

Who pouted and swelled out his feathers all
When I did not notice his pleading call?
Who sang out his heart, and trembling came
When I coaxed and whispered his pretty name?
Fritz, my birdie, my pet, 'twas thou!
And cold and lifeless thou'rt lying now.

Ah, Fritz, I loved thee! the human heart
May even give of itself a part
To a little bird, to a fragment of song,
To a mem'ry calling it sweet and strong;
We are clinging creatures, and may be stirred
To weep for a little singing-bird.

But, Fritz, there's a Lesson sweet though stern
In thy stiffened form, I fain must learn
Our loves of earth are only clay,
And like thee, birdie, pass away,
While the tired heart sinks back on the Breast
Of Him who alone can give it rest.

So, Fritz, with a tear but with wisdom found,
I'll lay thee under the snowy ground,
I'll watch for the violet-laden spring,
I'll watch thy brother, the wild bird, fling
Showers of music over thy rest,
But the Lesson I'll carry within my breast.

GRACIE.

April 17, 1879.

TENDERLY kiss the baby-face,
The waxen forehead of little Grace;
Smooth the soft curls of silken hair,
No trace of the Angel lingers there.
Fair little bud! in thy dreamless sleep
Rest thee the while we gaze and weep.

Yes! for the innocent laughing eyes,
Brimful of baby-love or surprise,
Weep for the sweet lips that outpour
Their prattling music nevermore!
The dimpled fingers, folded yet,
Like snow-drops on the baby-breast.

Gracie, our baby, it must be
The Angels, darling, have stolen thee,
For round the Throne of Heaven's King
Babes like thee, with snow-white wing
And silvery voices, breathe a song
That rings o'er the anthems sweet and strong.

And under the clover and tender grass,
Where the robins sing and the sunbeams pass,
Where the violets nod and the soft winds sigh,
We have laid thee, darling, peacefully,
And at eve we will think that thy starry eyes
Are looking on us from the quiet skies.

THE SOUL-CRY ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LORD! ere the midnight chime,
  And the Old Year fade,
Look at the gift I bring;
  Here is it laid!
Silence is all around,
  Earth, air, and sky,
Starful and bright the night
  As time floats by.

Over the haunts of men
  The Dying Year
Moans out its parting breath,
  Drops its last tear.
Yes! here I come to Thee,
  Lord of my heart,
Bringing this year's harvest,
  My humble part.

Only some little sheaves;
  Thine own, my Lord,
Sowed, watered, watched by Thee,
  Saviour adored.
Here in this narrow heart
  They've crept to life,
Poor, weak, and fragile growth,
  'Mid passions' strife.

Weeds rank, and bold, and high,
They, too, are there;
And wert Thou not so sweet
I would despair,
I would lay down my sheaves,
Flee far away,
And let my offering
Wither away.

But Thou dost love me so,—
Nearer I creep,
Dropping the poor burden
While here I weep.
What dost Thou find in me,
Beautiful One,
To thrill my heart so oft,
As Thou hast done?

What can I be to Thee,
Royal, Divine?
King! dost Thou stoop so low,
Call my soul Thine?
Ah! dost Thou sue for me,
Woo this poor heart,
Take it to rest with Thine
Ne'er to depart?

Oh, could I die for Thee!
What e'en were this?
What does my life, my death,
Matter, Thy bliss?

Useless, and poor, and weak,
Humbly I lie;
Take up my littleness,
Pass me not by.

Take my poor wretchedness
Into Thy Heart,
Then let it tremble, Lord,
And ne'er depart;
There let it rest and love
As the stars shine,
And the Old Year depart
At midnight chime.

Fuse it into Thy love,—
Iron in fire,—
There let it melt and burn,
Sweetly expire.
Oh! could the sounds of earth
Fade, fade away,
And my New Year burst forth
Into Heaven's day!

Yet, Lord, Thy Will be done,
Give back the Cross,
I will live on for Thee,
Bearing my loss.
For Thou will grant to me,
When my days close,
To find at last in Thee
Blissful repose.

THE MYSTIC LILY.

AN ALLEGORY.

Oh! noble imperial Lily,
With thy pure uplifted brow,
Thy chalice is brimming with light;
Pour it out on my thirst, oh, Lily,
Pour it out on my darkness to-night.

In thy shadow behold me, Lily,
My head on thy strong tall stem,
Upreaching my twining leaflets;
Only a wild-flower, Lily,
Which the weeping night-dews gem.

'Tis safe to be near thee, Lily,
So safe, and precious, and sure,
In thy broad and strong protection,
Whether sad, or joyful, Lily,
I nestle, and rest secure.

Teach me to look to Heaven
With thy constant steadfast gaze;
Teach me to stand and grow alone,
Faithful and firm like thee, Lily,
Till I bloom where the stars are strown.

AFTER BENEDICTION.

In the hush of the fragrant Chapel
I kneel and linger to pray;
The tapers are out, the organ is stilled,
The worshippers glided away;
Alone, and heavy-hearted,
I kneel, as I linger behind,
Sure that His Blessing will comfort me
And soothe my troubled mind.

Like the compass-needle I flutter,
Diverging from Him who is Rest;
Oh! why do I fly from His mercy,
From quiet repose on His Breast?
In the dark I am groping and wand'ring,
To every weak reed do I cling;
Dear Lord! can He bear in His Presence
Such a wretched ungrateful thing?

"His left Hand is under my head,"
I can see the reproach in His Face,
On His wounded Shoulder I bow,
Enfolded in His embrace.
My Saviour, my King! my all!
My tears are outpouring my grief;
Oh! where can man's heart e'er find
Such sweet and such tender relief?

I weep, and my heart grows calm;
The darkness settles around;
Only the step of the Sacristan
Treads on the hallowed ground.

The lights are gone, and only His star
Sheds its soft radiance above,
But, soothed and strengthened, I go my way:
God's peace has descended in love.

A PYX-CASE.

A LITTLE Case, of costly silk and rare;
Without, 'tis traced with painted blossoms fair,
In hues of crimson, purple, green, and gold,
With silken cords of white in every fold;
Within, like sheet of silver richly wrought,
Is snowy satin, with the needle caught
In slender vines of silken thread; above,
The "Sacred Heart" drops down Its wounded love
In liquid rubies. Here a little Pyx
Will sweetly lie; here burning love will fix
A tiny home, so small that it may rest
Unnoticed on His minister's pure breast.

Oh, wonder! that a creature should be found
To bear his Maker through the earth around!
To blend his pulses with the throbs that dart,
Like messages, from Jesus' Sacred Heart!
To glide along the busy thoroughfare
'Mong men that know not, care not, God is there!

At midnight, when earth's weary sleepers lie
Beneath the silence of the starry sky,
All, all, is breathless save the muffled beat
Of reverent footsteps, echoing down the street.

There Angels, veiled in softened mellowed light,
Guard him who journeys through the gloomy night,
And as they flit his priestly form above,
Their adoration melts to trembling love;
Some wretched soul to-night will be forgiven,
Some wandering sheep will be prepared for Heaven.

When light is flashing up from eastern sky,
And morn hangs out a rosy canopy;
When birds wake up, and sweet glad music floats
In thrilling wildness from their little throats;
When flowers open wide their fragrant breasts
And deck with glitt'ring pearls their mossy vests,
All heedless of the glories of the day,
That rev'rent footsteps noiseless tread the way.

Dear little Case of silk! thou'lt ever be
A home for Him from sin's defilement free;
Upon the snowy whiteness of thy breast,
So safe, and calm, the Sacred Host will rest,
"Prisoner of Love," a blessing to impart,
Until He lies upon some human heart.

And now I'll lay thee, little Case, aside
With me until the morrow to abide,
And then, rejoicing to thy mission gone,
My heart will bear thee, though my task be done;
And when I weary of the sunless hours
That hang so often over *human flowers*,
Oh, let me think of that veiled holy Face
That's sweetly borne within thee, little Case!

ONE YEAR ORDAINED.

Only a year! Look back and see,
As it vanishes into Eternity;
Oh! gaze on the marvellous treasure won,
The glorious work thy hands have done.

Those hands still fragrant with holy chrism
Have snatched, how many, from Hell's abysm?
Those lips, still red with the Precious Blood,
Have rescued, how many, from sin's dark flood?

One single soul! and what is its worth?
'Tis greater than all the glory of earth!
One single soul! ah! saints have died
To bring *one* soul to the Crucified.

And how many souls are thine—are thine!
At the Throne where the throbbing seraphs shine,
And Angels in wonder and envy see
The glorious mission God gave to thee.

And yet, it is only a single year,
The Future is dim with shadow and fear;
The way is long, and the storm may come
Ere the voice of the Master calls thee home.

And are there not times when the human heart
Is tempted to wish for an easier part?
And tires it not of the wearying strife
That lies at the bottom of human life?

But the longest day has its golden west,
The sharpest pain its contented rest,
The wildest fear hath its calm repose,
The hardest work its reward, its close.

So if the long years should multiply,
Should furrow thy brow and dim thine eye,
Almighty grace will ever be
Sustaining, guiding, blessing thee.

And remember, within the holy peace
Of these sacred walls there will never cease
A pleading voice in a fervent prayer:
"Grant to him, Lord, Thy tender care.

"Give priestly virtues, a heart on fire,
A zeal for souls that will never tire;
Oh, grant, when he lays Thine armor down,
'Twill be to receive the victor's crown."

CROWNED BY THE WORLD.

A MAY-DAY OFFERING TO MARY, QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

After the May-day Procession comes a group of Young Girls, clothed in white, bearing appropriate emblems; they stand around the Altar of Mary while a hymn is sung.

NORTH AMERICA (*bears stars and stripes*).

I am North America!
Two silver oceans wash the strand
Of Mary Immaculate's favored land;

"Conceived without sin," our Lady and Queen,
Crescent most lovely, star most serene,
Fairest of God's fair creatures art thou,
North America places a crown on thy brow.

South America.

I am South America!
My groves, sweet Mother, are teeming for thee
With creatures wondrously fair to see,
And the azure light of my dreamy skies,
Pictures, Madonna, thy sweet tender eyes.
My Lily of Quito and Lima's fair Rose
Circle the throne where thy loveliness glows;
South America hastens her homage to pay
To Mary the Beautiful, Queen of the May.

England.

I am England!
"Our Lady's Dowry!" can I claim
A nobler, better, richer name?
Once was my land an Isle of Saints!
And in the future fancy paints
An Angelus chiming East and West,
And wayside shrines to Mary blest,
And May processions winding by
Singing our Lady's Litany.
Dear Mother, bless England with words so sweet
That the wanderer needs must return to thy feet.

Ireland (*with a crown of thorns*).

I am Ireland!
Crowned with thorns, oh, Mother divine!
I lay my heart-sorrows upon thy shrine;

Suffering, hopeful, patient, weary,
Thou art my star while the night's so dreary.
My daughters and sons, loving words sing to thee,
Queen of the Emerald Isle of the sea,
And so to thy shrine do I joyfully bring
A heart crowned with thorns for an offering.

Africa.

I am Africa!
Where my water-lilies float
On their broad and leafy boat,
Where the silver Nile is rippling, rippling past the verdant shore,
Or where desert sands sweep by
'Neath a hot and parching sky,
They have legends of a vision, told a hundred years before;
'Twas a Sire old and gray
Hastening past that desert way
With a beauteous Maiden-Mother, who yet bore a dazzling child,
And their idols dared not stand
While those strangers dwelt the land,
Though they uttered only greetings worshipful and sweet and mild.
Perhaps the Flight was hid
By a mighty Pyramid;
Perhaps the frowning Sphinx gave shelter to thee, Mother sweet;
Perhaps my swarthy race
Drank the beauty of thy Face,
And so Africa brings tribute on this May-day to thy feet.

ASIA.

I am Asia!
Golden skies and flowing streams,
Holiest mem'ries, sweetest dreams,
Come with me to thee, dear Queen,
As I enter on the scene;
Bethlehem and Galilee,
Nazareth and Calvary,
Ephesus, wherein thy Name
Thousands thundered with acclaim,
And the heretic Nestorius
Silenced, slunk away inglorious!
God's own Mother, thou art ours;
Asia brings thee crowns of flowers,
Gems and gold and perfumes sweet,
Tribute of a love most meet.

The crown is borne on a cushion by a maiden, who has a companion on each side as maids of honor.

FIRST MAID OF HONOR.

Then gather round our Queen so sweetly fair,
And bring these fragrant treasures rich and rare,
And lay the loyal love of each young heart
Here at her shrine, that Mary may impart
The tender blessing of her gracious Son
All through our lives, 'till Heaven's gate be won.
Madonna! take our love with each sweet spray,
Queen of our hearts and Lady of the May.

SECOND MAID.

Dark are the shadows on our path! We pray,
Star of our lives, oh! Mary, lead the way.

And when temptation comes with awful pow'r,
Mother of God! protect us in that hour.
Let this sweet May-day's memory ever bless
Thy children with a heavenly tenderness!
Hail to thee, Mother! take our hearts to-day,
Queen of our souls and Lady of the May!

CROWN-BEARER.

Choice Flower of God, to thee we bring
The love of children and the buds of Spring,
And as our voices rise in anthems strong,
Let Angel-harps through Heaven waft the song
That Mary, sweetest Mother! crowned to-day,
May crown her children in the Eternal May.

The Statue is crowned and a hymn is sung.

THE EPIPHANY-STAR.

"My children, your Star is Jesus dying on the Cross.

A SOLEMN Epiphany greeting, drifting from Christmas wide,
'Tis more like the mournful echo of the purple Passion-tide.

Solemn,—when hearts are brimming with the pomp of Eastern Kings
In the gorgeous Bible-picture, that tells such wondrous things.

For we see the weary camels, the swarthy turbaned slaves,
The gold, the myrrh, the incense, brought from their treasure-caves.

We see the brows majestic those studious Sages wore,
Their stately royal presence at the lowly stable-door.

We see them kneel at the manger, and gaze on the heav'nly grace
That beams from the Sacred Infant, and rests on His mother's face.

The air is throbbing with glory, the angels floating above
Singing the thrilling mystery of God's astounding love.

We seem to catch the echo, we seem to see them fall,
Those royal Eastern Sages, as they offer Him their all.

Prostrate they bow before Him, God, in that Infant-frame!
Oh, majesty overshadowed! oh, love without a name!

And silence deep as midnight falls on the soul's unrest,
And we clasp our hands devoutly upon our throbbing breast.

Joining the Sages' fervor, our hearts with praise rejoice,
Till we hear in the solemn stillness the echo of a voice.

And the echo flashes before us, the scene of Passion-tide;
In the distance our eyes behold Him, that Infant, crucified.

Gone is His childish beauty, the radiant tender Brow
Is printed deep with the blood-prints of the "Man of Sorrows" now.

Star of the Eastern Sages! melting in light away,
Your mission is not over, lead us further we pray.

Lead us on to that mountain where the Jewish multitudes toss,
Lead us on till we see Him—nailed to the bloody Cross.

Yes! in the crimson twilight, led from Bethlehem far,
E'en 'mid the Christmas gladness, gaze on Redemption's Star.

Ponder the words just spoken, all other joy is loss;
Christians, "your Star is Jesus dying upon the Cross."

IN MEMORIAM.

Augustus. Died at College. Aged 17.

DEDICATED TO HIS BEREAVED MOTHER.

"Be not sorrowful even as others who have no hope."—1 Thess. iv. 12.

SILENT and cold thy darling lies,
His bright eyes closed in a dreamless rest,
His brow so white, 'neath its waves of hair,
His hands so still on his lifeless breast.

Gone! and so soon! in his beautiful youth,
When life was so fair and its pulses so strong;
Gone, in his promise of goodness and truth,
When hope and the future seemed sunny and long.

Oh, Soother of Sorrows, his mother console!
The Angels have called him, they've taken her boy;
In vain she entreats for one look, for one smile,—
They have left but the casket, that once held her joy.

Is this, then, the welcome he looked for at home:
A sister and brother bowed down by his bier?
And the grief-shadowed homestead, how changed is it now,
How lonely the scenes once familiar and dear!

But look up, breaking heart, to thy true Home above.
With Faith for thy light; see God's Saints at His Throne;
There, in bright, spotless robes, and with glory-lit face,
With his crown on his brow, see thy darling, thy own.

And gathered to greet him are those gone before,
A father and brothers to God long since given;
One half the dear circle still battling on earth,
One half interceding and watching in Heaven.

Then grieve not, lone mother, as those without hope;
The path thou art treading thy Saviour hath trod;
This blow that He deals thee in Mercy is given,
To draw thy soul nearer thy darling—and God.

QUARTER TO SEVEN.

A MEMORY.

"QUARTER to Seven" chimes the bell,
The Abbey-bell, through the waving trees;
The shadowy twilight knoweth the swell
And catcheth the throbbing on the breeze,
The murmuring insects in the grass
Deepen their murmur to hear it pass.

"Quarter to seven!" In her nest
The wild-bird foldeth her weary wing,
The flower sleeps where it loveth best,
The fire-fly glitters, a weird, bright thing,
And stars float out in the pearl-gray heaven,
As the chimes ring out the "Quarter to Seven."

Yonder the silent mountains,—at rest,—
Vast and sublime in their outlines dim,
Girding the smiling valley's breast,
Lifting up Nature's majestic hymn,
The Vespers of Earth to the list'ning Heaven,
As the chimes fling out the "Quarter to Seven."

* * * * * * *

Silence falls on the sweet cool air,
The echoes die in the Abbey tower,
When lo! there chimes in the wakened soul
An Angel's message,—'tis Memory's hour,—
"Parted souls! 'tis the time to meet;
Leave ye the quiet, leave ye the din;
Haste ye, oh, hasten to His Feet,
The Master *remembers* and waits within."

Then shadows curtain the Trysting-Place
Where soul meets soul in the clasp of prayer,
And the Star beams out from its silver vase
On the treasures of strength and comfort There,
And life grows calm with the peace of Heaven
When the chimes ring out the "Quarter to Seven."

THE SISTERS' CEMETERY.

A LEGEND.

PRELUDE.

THE summer day was waning, and the breeze
Was playing with the woodbine's fragrant stems,
As sunset hung a gorgeous drapery out.
A little group,—we wandered down the path,
That led o'er stile and rustic bridge, until,
The valley gained, we passed within the gate,
Where, hedged by rich and clust'ring walls of green,
There lay the Sisters' quiet, humble graves.

Long rows of little grassy mounds were they,
At each an iron cross, severe and plain,—
Snow-white, with but the Convent name,—and date
Whereon the faithful heart had ceased to beat.
Upon the centre mound, where four paths met,
Arose a *marble cross*, with lofty arms.
No chisel mark it bore, no epitaph,
But in its untouched purity it stood,

Suggesting legends of the misty past,
That clung to it, as did the ivy leaves
That crept around the solid granite base.
There was an old oak at the farther end,
Where robins sang their requiems all day,
And there we rested with the gentle Nun
Who kindly brought us hither. There
We gazed upon the marble cross, all charmed

And breathless, as the Legend was unrolled,
The Legend of that hallowed quiet spot.

All nature seemed to listen; but the breeze
Kept sighing, sighing, in the swaying oak,
And made the pauses of the quiet voice
Fill up with music, like a minor strain
From some Cathedral organ. The gentle calm
Of evening touched the landscape 'round
With sweet and solemn peace,
As in the Cemetery of the Nuns we sat
That summer eve, and listened to the Legend.

THE LEGEND.

"It seems," the Sister said, "in years gone by,
Two centuries and more,—so long ago,—
The Indian reared his wigwam 'neath these trees,
And fashioned here his tomahawk or bow,
And little Indian children played about
In native glee with many a whoop and shout.

"And here the dusky squaws, in deep retreat,
Prepared the deer their lords brought from the chase,
And stern and silent moved with noiseless feet,
Repulsive guardians of the savage place;
While noble trees spread out the leafy bough,
Ancestors of the trees that shade us now.

"The tribe was fierce; no god did they adore,
No festival e'er met to celebrate;
They knew one Spirit,—'twas the breath of War.
And wild as tigers, merciless as fate,
They dipped their stony tomahawks in gore,
And hung their bloody scalps before the door.

"Their Sachem lived apart, a haughty chief,
With eyes of fire, and brow unbending, stern,
And build like Hercules, a tower of strength,
And stately carriage, lion-like and firm;
And while the other lodges clustered round,
His stood alone upon yon rising ground.

"All feared the silent chief, and at his nod
The warriors gathered round to know his will;
One eagle glance, one sharp and meaning word,
Each knew the part that each was to fulfil.
In war, or chase, or by the council-fire,
Smoking the calumet, they feared his ire.

"I said the Sachem lived alone; not so,
One sunbeam lit the darkness of his way:
His only daughter, lovely, full of grace,
Ministered to the chieftain night and day.
In years before her mother went to rest,
With leaves and wild flowers strewn upon her breast.

"Only a decade of her life had gone
And left its childish beauty on her face:
Slight, and erect as arrow, was her form;
Her black hair swept her shoulders, full of grace;
The Indian red-tint dwelt not on her cheek,
But beauty rare was hers, a marvellous freak.

"Ohwa loved not the other Indian maids;
Alone, in lonely paths, her footsteps strayed,
Rousing the foxes from their place of rest,
Starting the robin from his hidden nest,
Clapping her little hands to see the deer
Speeding like lightning as her steps drew near.

"And often as the sunset hour grew nigh,
Upon a hill that faced the western sky,
She loved to watch the golden sun depart
Amid a glory that would flood her heart,
And many a warrior coming from the chase
Would stop to watch the vision at that place.

"Full in the flooding sunshine there she'd stand,
Her earnest face half shaded by her hand;
A soft and silky deer-skin fringed with down
Reached to her knees, and scarlet feathers wound
Into the jetty tresses of her hair,
That lay upon her shoulders waving there.

"Her little feet the softest skins enfold,
The richest moccasins,—the hue of gold,—
And o'er her breast a cord as white as snow
Held 'neath her arm her quiver and her bow,
And at her feet there lay a tiger's hide,
The regal mantle of a Sachem's bride.

"All bathed in liquid gold the maiden stood,
And watched the sun go slowly down,—unmoved;
And when at last the glory died away,
She stretched her hands out, praying it to stay.
'Go not away, great golden ball!' she'd cry.
'*Who* made thee, and *who* leads thee through the sky?'

"And no one told her, though she asked them all,
'Who is the owner of the great gold ball?
Who made the grand old trees around us here?
Who made the birds that sing so sweetly near?
Who made the silver waves of yonder river,
That dances on with ripple and with quiver?'

"And still she asked, but never answer knew,
And still she pined, as strong her wishes grew;
And oft she found her thoughts stretch far away
Into some region that beyond her lay,
And felt she that she stood upon the brink
Of heavenly streams she could not reach to drink.

"One summer day the child lay fast asleep,
Weary with strangest musings high and deep,
Her soft cheek pillowed on a bed of moss,
Where shadows of the birds might flit across,
And, perching on the boughs that overhung,
Awake her soul to music as they sung.

"And as she lay there like a poet's dream,
A bark canoe came slowly down the stream;
For know ye, from that hollow near the gate,
Where now a spring drips out at sleepy rate,
A crystal river flowed through wood and field
Until in distant forests 'twas concealed.

"The plashing oars awoke the Indian maid:
She started up like timid fawn, afraid;
Yet, hidden by the tree 'neath which she slept,
She stayed, and watched the boat that cautious kept
Nearing the shore, until it touched the strand,
And the two rowers leaped upon the land.

"In wonder now stood Ohwa; here she saw
Men such as she had never seen before:
White were their upturned faces, curling hair
Lay on their brows in heavy clusters there,
And o'er their manly forms a sombre gown
Fell in dark folds until it touched the ground.

"'Hold, Father! see the wigwams we have passed.
Thank God! this is our mission reached at last.'
And falling on their knees in silence there,
The missionaries poured to Heaven their prayer,
While on the music of their foreign tongue
The little Ohwa in a rapture hung.

"Rising and looking round, the Fathers see
The Indian girl beneath the old oak-tree.
Surprised, they gaze upon the lovely child,
Who seemed an angel in that forest wild;
And smiling, made a sign of friendship, peace;
But Ohwa fled like bird on swift release.

"Panting she reached her father's silent tent,
And to the Sachem gave her wonder bent.
Unmoved and grave, the old chief heard her tale,
And wondered much who were the strangers pale.
And going forth, he sent his warrior band
To know what errand brought them to his land.
* * * * * * * * *
"Five years passed by; the tribe, converted now,
Revered the Fathers with the saintly brow;
All baptized Christians, loved Christ's holy name,
And loved to spread the dear "White Mother's" fame,
And built a little chapel on this ground
Where now the Sisters' graves are scattered round.

"But Ohwa, all her dreams awoke to life.
Peace came and stilled her bosom's wond'ring strife;
Her pure soul anchored in her Saviour's breast,
And doubts and fears were laid, with joy, at rest.
Forgotten was her Indian name so wild,
In baptism 'Agnes,' for the martyr-child.

" Enraptured, she would sit for hours beguiled,
As told the Fathers of the Roman child
Who gave her heart to God, her only spouse,
By making at His feet her virginal vows.
And came the question, ' Why not do the same?
Was she not Christ's? was Agnes not her name?'

" And so she vowed her heart, her soul to Heaven,
And purer vow to God was never given;
And now that she was God's, God's own,—alone,—
The clouds must lower and the tempest come.
She had no part with earth, nor knew its taint,
But Heaven was waiting for the little saint.

" Long had a pagan Indian sought her hand,
Had fiercely loved her, nor could understand
Why Agnes never heeded when he came,
Nor noticed all his Indian wealth and fame,
Until they told him that her new-found Lord
Had gained her heart,—Him only she adored.

" Then hatred for the Rival, whom he feared
Would baffle him and all the hopes he reared,
Gnawed like a viper at his wicked life,
And sharpened fearful passions into strife.
None else should gain, if he must lose the prize;
Her blood must flow to feast his demon-eyes.

" Not long he waited. 'Twas a summer morn,
When all the warriors to the hunt had gone,
And after holy Mass, Communion too,
Agnes went forth to lonely paths she knew
To pour her soul out in thanksgiving there,
And spend some hours in sweet and holy prayer.

"On yonder spot, where now that marble cross
Uplifts its snowy arms above the moss,
She knelt alone, communing with her heart,
When lo! she heard a voice that made her start:
'Renounce the Black Robe's God! My bride, relent!
Oh, come and share an Indian chieftain's tent!'

"She rose with crimson cheek and flashing eye:
'Tempter, begone! my tent is yonder sky.
Taint not the air with such polluting speech,
Know'st not my Bridegroom is above thy reach?'
'Then let Him help thee!' hissed the fiend with scorn,
And gleamed the hatchet o'er her helpless form.

"Out gushed the crimson torrent from the wound,
And Agnes sank upon the mossy ground.
Lifting her heaven-lit eyes with love on high,
'My sweetest Lord,' she breathed, 'for Thee I die!'
And then her spotless spirit winged its flight
Up to the regions of Eternal light.

"The murderer stood there, like a rooted tree,
All paralyzed; he had not power to flee,
For from the sky there poured a glorious song,
That sweetly rose, and thrilling swept along,
And died away above the forest-trees,
'Till naught was heard except the summer breeze.

"He turned away. The missionary stood
Close by the entrance of the little wood.
'Great God!' he cried. 'Oh, murderer! wretched one!
Repent! Thy victim calls! What hast thou done!
God will forgive! Agnes for thee will pray.'
But, with a yell, the Indian fled away.

"Upon the spot where she had died in prayer
The tribe, all weeping, laid the Virgin there.
And when the Black Robe had performed the rite,
And hid the sacred relics out of sight,
To sudden prophecy his soul awoke,
And to the tribe these wondrous words he spoke:

"'Virgin of Christ! Martyr for His pure sake,
Rest thee in peace. Here wilt thou sweetly take
Thy holy sleep; thy palm laid in thy hand,
Thou art the *first* to lead a holy band!
A Sisterhood of Virgins will surround
Thy grave with theirs, in consecrated ground.'
* * * * * *

"The years rolled on, the tribe was driven away,
The Indian chapel fell into decay;
The trees were felled with mighty skill and toil
By those who came to till the fertile soil,
But not a finger rude was ever found
To touch the grass upon that little mound.

"And soon appeared upon the hill close by
A little cross upon a Convent nigh,
And holy Sisters came at Mercy's call
To give to God their hearts, their souls, their all;
And by the ways of God, which never vary,
This spot was chosen for their cemetery.

"Unconscious why, upon the mound they placed
Yon marble cross; but never was there traced
The record of the sacred blood there spilled.
The *angels told* that all had been fulfilled,
And down the misty ages came the story,
Lit by the undimmed halo of its glory.

"And here the Sisters gather, one by one,
In youth, in age, life's solemn labor done;
And when the last loud trumpet shall resound,
To wake earth's children slumb'ring 'neath the ground,
The Indian martyr, crimson-robed, will stand,
With palm and crown, among the Virgin band."

The Sister ceased, and then there came a hush
After the story ended. None broke upon it.
'Till at last our souls could be no longer hushed,
And so we clasped our hands and cried, "How beautiful!"

PART II.

DRAMAS.

NOTE.

THESE Dramas have been arranged and written for various occasions, and always appeared with success. Taste and judgment, with regard to posing, costume, and scenery, are required to perfect the effect.

DOLORES;

OR,

THROUGH THE FIRES OF SORROW.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS AND FIVE SCENES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. NORTON, *a wealthy widow, proud and passionate.*
AUGUSTA, *her eldest daughter* (*aged nineteen*), *haughty and vain.*
PAULINE, *afterwards* DOLORES (*aged twelve*), *has great talent for painting.*
NELLIE CLAGHORN (*aged fifteen*), Mrs. Norton's *niece.*
GRACE, } *sisters.*
ISABEL, }
CONSTANCE, *baby step-niece.*
MRS. WORTHINGTON, *a benevolent widow, patron of artists, and a cripple, who is rolled about in a chair.*
FANCHETTE, *her maid.*
TOM PINCHER, *good-hearted policeman.*
AUNT BETSEY, *a privileged old nurse in the* Norton *family.*
SALLY ANN TOMPKINS, *a wicked little street singer and pickpocket.*
MISS EDITH TEMPLE,
MISS CLARE MEREDITH, } *fashionable friends of the* Nortons.
MISS HELOISE ZACHARE, }

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Norton Mansion. Pauline's expulsion.*

Sitting-room in the Norton mansion. Elegantly furnished; easy-chairs; an easel near table at one side, with a painted plaque standing on it; table near with small palette, brushes, etc.; secretary, unlocked, standing on other side; AUGUSTA *seated on sofa, examining a costly lace handkerchief which she takes out of a beautiful case.*

AUGUSTA, *holding it up with delight.*

Oh! isn't it lovely? Isn't it exquisite? The very richest and finest old lace! and at last it is mine. After thinking of it by day, and dreaming of it by night, for the past month! Pshaw! wasn't I foolish to beseech mamma so much for a hundred dollars, when I might have taken those useless old jewels in the first place and sold them, instead of waiting so long? I am sure she never cares about looking at them since papa died, and will never learn that they are missing; allowing that she does, she will suppose a thief has entered the room and stolen them while the secretary was unlocked; for indeed she is very careless leaving it open all day. (*Assumes vain manner.*) Won't I toy gracefully with this dainty handkerchief? I shall just touch it with attar of roses, and I will be the belle of the party over at Smith's to-morrow night. Not another girl will have such a handkerchief. I am sure they will almost die of envy. (*Becomes nervous.*) But suppose mamma sees the handkerchief and asks me where I obtained it, what shall I tell her? Oh, I know: I'll say I have been saving my pocket-money;

mamma is easily deceived, although she has a dreadfully proud way of looking at things. I guess if she imagined one of her daughters ever stole anything she would drive her out into the street in the first impulse, and then be too proud to call her back; so at all risks mamma must not, shall not, know it. What would they say at our Convent school, I wonder, if they knew Augusta Norton stole? The Nuns always said I was vain, but the Nuns forgot that they were young ladies once, and liked a nice handkerchief, no doubt, too! Oh, you sweet lace! I would have done almost anything to possess you.

Enter PAULINE. *Approaches* AUGUSTA. AUGUSTA *endeavoring to cover up the handkerchief, says, snappishly,*

Oh, Pauline! I wish you wouldn't be always following me. It is horrid to have such an inquisitive sister.

PAULINE.

Why, Augusta! this is the first time I have seen you this evening. I came in here to put my paints away, and to see if that plaque is dry. You know I finished painting it this morning. Come, Gussie dear, don't be cross. (*Tries to put her arms around her. Kneels beside her chair.*)

AUGUSTA.

Go away, Pauline. I'm not a child like you; I don't like to be fondled. Besides, I hate you to call me "Gussie."

PAULINE *sees end of handkerchief and pulls it.*

Oh, Augusta, what exquisite lace! Where did you get that lovely handkerchief?

AUGUSTA, *confused.*

You see everything. I bought it, of course. Now leave me, Pauline; I wish to be alone. Go get your plaque off that easel. Everybody says that plaque is a perfect wonder for a child so young. There, go now.

PAULINE *still kneels beside her.*

But the handkerchief: do please let me see it. (AUGUSTA *hands it unwillingly.*) It must have been expensive. Where in the world did you get so much money?

AUGUSTA.

Don't ask such foolish questions, Lenie. You know mamma gives us lots of spending-money.

PAULINE.

But you don't save yours, Augusta, I know you don't, and this looks like Aunt Rundel's point handkerchief that cost a hundred dollars.

AUGUSTA, *angrily.*

Give me that lace! You are an inquisitive child. You should not wish to know the why and wherefore of everything. I am quite angry at you.

PAULINE, *rising.*

I am very sorry if I have offended you. Don't be angry, please. (*Stoops and picks up jewel-case, which slips out of* AUGUSTA'S *pocket.*) Why, Augusta! what does this mean? See the jewel-case (*opens it*),—and empty! Oh, gracious! the precious keepsakes gone! Oh, Augusta!

AUGUSTA, *excited and angry, takes case from Pauline.*

I don't know. Indeed, I don't know anything about the jewels.

PAULINE.

Oh, Augusta! You are trembling. You are nervous and excited. You are terrified because I found the case. Indeed, you must know. You do know what has become of the jewels! Can it be that you have sold them that you might get this lace? No! no! Oh, horrors! not that, Augusta! (*Falls into a chair.*)

AUGUSTA, *terribly excited.*

Yes, that, you miserable busybody! I took them and sold them, and I got two hundred dollars for them; they were no use lying in that drawer over there.

PAULINE *sinks into a chair and weeps.*

Sold them! sold mamma's jewels, and she prized them so much! Oh, Augusta! what would the Nuns say! what would you say yourself if you only thought of it! Oh, Augusta! I would rather believe there was no Heaven than believe you did this. What will mamma say when she learns of this!

AUGUSTA, *fiercely.*

But she must never hear of it. You shall not betray me. If you do, Pauline, I'll—I'll—oh, I don't know what I'll do to you! You have always expressed so much affection for me. Now let us see some of it. Come, promise me most sacredly that you will never reveal what you know. Why, mamma would drive me out of the house! Don't you know

well the awful consequences if this were found out? (*She walks about excitedly.*)

PAULINE.

Oh, Augusta! how you grieve me! how you frighten me! and rather than expose you I promise.

AUGUSTA, *grasping her wrist.*

Promise solemnly.

PAULINE.

I promise solemnly to suffer anything or everything rather than betray you. Never will I let it be known that you have stooped so low. Mamma must never know that her daughter is a thief. Yes, Augusta, trust me to keep your sinful secret. I am only a child, but if its weight oppresses me by day, and fills my sleep with terror by night, I will remain silent and bear your punishment. Give me the case; I'll put it in the secretary. Mamma may not wish to look at the jewels for a long time. God grant she won't! (*Takes case from* AUGUSTA.)

AUGUSTA, *going.*

Remember your promise!

PAULINE.

I shall never forget it. Oh, if I could but believe you innocent!

AUGUSTA.

Tut, tut! don't be a child always, Pauline.

PAULINE.

Nay, awhile ago I was a child, but now I have grown

old in an hour. I feel like a woman,—a tearful woman. Go, go, Augusta! lest some one come and find your secret out.

AUGUSTA.

Remember!

PAULINE.

Oh, I will remember! I love you, my poor sister, and no one shall dare call you a thief. Go! please go, Augusta! (*Exit* AUGUSTA.)

PAULINE *weeps bitterly.*

Oh, my God! have I done wrong? ought I to keep such a secret? What awful truths one must learn! I must hide her crime at once. (*She goes to secretary. A bow of ribbon drops from her shoulder.*)

Enter AUNT BETSEY, *quietly, with dust-brush. She sees* PAULINE'S *back, and steps over to her and sighs.* PAULINE *starts and turns.*

AUNT BETSEY.

Law's sakes, Miss Lenie dear, what are you doing so quiet-like?

PAULINE.

Oh, nothing, Aunt Betsey; nothing, nothing.

AUNT BETSEY *stands.*

Well now, I never! how I skeered the child! Why, dearie, what odd-looking box is that you have? Oh, it's your mamma's case of jewels. Well I remember them. Do let me look at 'em, honey; it's nigh on to ten years since I seen a sight of them. "Time and tide wait for no man." Over-

haul your Webster's Dictionary (*she is walking round the room putting things to rights*) for *that*, and when found make a note of it.

PAULINE.

No, Aunt Betsey, I can't show them to you now; I'm putting them away.

AUNT BETSEY.

Very well, child; some other day. But your eyes is red lookin' and wet. Honey, you haven't been crying, I hope? (*Stands.*)

PAULINE.

Yes, Aunt Betsey, a little bit. But isn't it as natural for young people to cry as to laugh?

AUNT BETSEY.

Well, I reckon you're right there. But young misses like you, as has nothing to cry about, oughtn't to displease the Lord with worriting.

PAULINE.

I'm not worrying, Aunt Betsey; I feel sad and I want to be by myself. I want to read some of papa's old letters to mamma. So won't you leave me to myself?

AUNT BETSEY, *fussing about.*

To be sure I will. I only came in to fix up the room a bit. Don't you be low-spirited, honey; your papa's in a better world.

PAULINE, *excited.*

Oh! do go away, Aunt Betsey! When any one is sad it is best to leave her alone. I know I am flurried and disagreeable, but overlook it this time, please.

AUNT BETSEY.

Bless your heart, I don't mind it at all. I only wish you would put your shiny head on this old bosom, which has held you since you was a baby, and cry your eyes dry. Your lady mother is stiff-like and proud, and you children is kind of afeard of her I'm thinkin'. Though a better woman or a more generouser never walked! A real old stock lady too, as would be a queen and be natural under her crown. "A perfect woman nobly planned." Look in your "Paradise Lost" for *that*, and when found make a note of it.

PAULINE, *crying out.*

Oh, Aunt Betsey, won't you go, please?

AUNT BETSEY, *wiping eyes with her apron.*

I'm gone, honey. You have made the tears come into old Betsey's eyes. (*Exit.*)

PAULINE.

Poor old Aunt Betsey! she would gabble here all night, and I know she would die for me. Oh, what a base hypocrite I am! There, now I have hidden the case at the bottom of that pile of papa's letters. (*Closes secretary.*) Oh, if mamma should come! I am trembling all over. Oh! if she ever finds this out she might drive us out of the house; she has such a proud sense of honor. Oh! (*holding checks*) I am giddy with excitement; my head is bursting. I must go to my room and bathe my face. (*Exit. A pause.*)

From other side enter MRS. NORTON *and* NELLIE CLAGHORN, *her niece. They sit down. Mrs. Norton very stately.*

NELLIE.

Now, aunt, you promised to show me those treasured jewels to-day, and to tell me their history. You know I have never seen them. I dearly love to look upon family antiques; to hear the history of some precious jewel which one's great-grandmother or great-grandfather has handled. Do, please, show them to me, aunt.

MRS. NORTON.

You shall see them, Nellie. (*Rises and goes to the secretary. Stands.*) They were the property of your uncle's grandfather, and have been in the family over a generation. Ah! when my husband was alive we often looked at them, and I dare say poor Charles has repeated their history a hundred times; but since he died I seldom touch them, for the sight of them revives sad memories of happy days that are forever gone from me! Oh, your Uncle Charles was so kind, Nellie! (*Weeps.*)

NELLIE, *putting arm around her.*

Come away, aunt; never mind the jewels. I was foolish to speak of them. You are trembling, aunt. Your eyes are full of tears and I am the cause. Forgive me, Aunt Eleanor.

MRS. NORTON *wipes eyes.*

It is but a passing pain. It is sweet to mourn the dead; for their virtues grow fairer through years. Can we say so much of the living? (*She opens secretary; pulls out one drawer, then another.*) Strange the jewels are not in their usual place. They were never removed from this drawer. (*Examines.*) Well, well, the girls were always admirers of them, and I suppose either Augusta or Pauline has had

them out, and, girl-like, put them in a different place; secure no doubt, for I cannot find a trace of them.

NELLIE.

Do you leave this secretary unlocked, aunt? What if some thief should enter the room and steal the jewels?

MRS. NORTON.

Absurd, Nellie! there hasn't been a robbery in the neighborhood for years; and, besides, a thief couldn't very well enter the house without being seen.

NELLIE.

I sincerely hope not. Look over there, aunt.

MRS. NORTON.

I have looked everywhere. Gracious! if they were stolen. How dreadful to think of!

NELLIE.

There, aunt; raise those letters. Isn't that a jewel-case under them?

MRS. NORTON.

Well, well, so it is. My eyesight must be failing. Come, we will be seated. (*They go and sit down.*)

MRS. NORTON, *opening case.*

It seems light. (*Horrified.*) Gracious mercy! it is empty! Some one has taken the jewels! Gone! gone! (*Starts up in great excitement.*) My fairest fortune! for

their presence brought *him* back to me, reminded me of *him* in so many ways.

NELLIE.

Oh, wretched robber! to steal so much of you, and benefit himself so little.

MRS. NORTON, *excited, walks around wringing her hands.*

See, Nellie! only the case left! Oh, my precious heirlooms! gone! gone! What shall I do?

NELLIE *follows her.*

Indeed I do not know, aunt. Can't you employ a detective? Surely that is the best to be done. The thieves have left no trace, no clue?

MRS. NORTON *goes back to secretary. Stoops.*

Ah! what is this? a blue ribbon dropped by the thief, perhaps; and look, Nellie, a sleeve-button dropped in the drawer; "P" is on it. Oh, heavens! I have seen both before. She wore both to-day. Nellie! Nellie! look here. Do you recognize these? Oh, my God! My own child is a thief! (*Falls into a chair and covers face with hands.*)

NELLIE, *excited, looks at button.*

One of Pauline's sleeve-buttons! and you found it in the drawer! in the drawer with the empty jewel-case! Oh, it is all a mistake! Please, aunt, do not judge in haste. (*Goes to her.*)

MRS. NORTON, *tearfully.*

But the bow of ribbon! I can have only one belief. Oh, Heaven! I dare not utter it again.

NELLIE.

Come, come, aunt; surely you don't think Pauline is the culprit.

MRS. NORTON.

Oh, Nellie! Her button! her ribbon! I saw both on her this morning. What else can I think? Oh, miserable mother that I am! If it is my child I'll drive her out of my house. The blood of the Nortons has never been so foully disgraced. Sooner would I see her a beggar than a thief!

NELLIE, *indignant.*

Oh, aunt, for shame! Pauline is too noble a child; she has your purest, best blood in her veins. Where, think you, are her Convent teachings? her own singularly strict sense of duty? I have often wondered at a child so young having such a fine sense of honor. She would never, never do such a deed. It is but a sad circumstance, or perhaps the planning of a clever thief.

MRS. NORTON.

The jewels were special favorites with Pauline. Augusta never seemed to value them. Has not vanity prompted girls to thieving before this, Nellie? But alas that it should be my child, my favorite child,—a thief!

NELLIE.

Oh, aunt, you are unjust! She is no more a thief than I am! Oh, me! I see bitter severity in your face. Surely you do not convict her on such scant evidence?

MRS. NORTON.

Evidence enough! She is the thief! Oh, what misery in the word! She is no longer a child of mine.

NELLIE.

Small is the robber's prize, and great your loss, aunt, if by his deed you doubt her honesty. Oh, add not to your loss by losing your love for your child, aunt! Judge not till you prove that she is guilty. Here is Augusta; I trust she can release you from all doubt.

Enter AUGUSTA. *Is surprised, etc.* MRS. NORTON *covers face with handkerchief.*

AUGUSTA.

What in the world is the matter? Oh, mother! you are weeping. Are you ill? Tell me, mother. (*Bends over her.*)

MRS. NORTON.

No, not ill, Augusta, but torn by crueller pangs than ever has disease. (*Points to case.*) The jewels are gone and this sad evidence dropped to mark the thief. (*Hands the button and ribbon.*)

AUGUSTA *takes button and ribbon. Affects astonishment.*

The jewels stolen! (*Examines bow and button.*) And you think you have traced the thief by these. (*Astonished.*) Why, mother, this is Pauline's button. This ribbon she made into a bow but yesterday. Oh! would she take the jewels,—the jewels I have so often heard her admire?

NELLIE.

No, no, Augusta! It is all some dreadful mistake or plot. Say you know it is impossible that the child should have done this.

AUGUSTA.

Oh, mother! oh, Nellie! would that I could say so! for I devoutly love my little sister; but, oh! I have often thought she would do anything to get those jewels. And now I would weep to say it; but it is vanity that has made her a thief.

NELLIE.

Oh, Augusta! how can you convict the child on such evidence! What a demon is accursed suspicion! (*Turns away, with handkerchief to eyes.*)

MRS. NORTON.

Tell me, Augusta, what whim or fancy or temptation could have drawn her to such a fearful act?

AUGUSTA.

Oh, mother! if she is guilty, blame a new lace handkerchief I bought for Smith's party. She saw it, and got so inquisitive about it that she quite bothered me, and seemed so envious that she had nothing like it that she fairly cried. She spoke too,—alas! I must say it,—about selling those jewels to buy something like it. But who would believe that she, a child, could do so?

MRS. NORTON, *angry.*

Did any one ever hear of such depravity? She has cast herself forever out of my heart and home, the little robber!

AUGUSTA.

It is her first offence, mother. Come, say you will forgive her. Call it folly, madness, but forgive her, pity her weakness.

MRS. NORTON.

Oh, that my teachings—oh, that her faith should be so disregarded! Forgive her, Augusta? No, never! (PAULINE *appears at door, hesitates, seems dismayed.*) Come here, miss. You tremble and hesitate and reveal your guilt, which we have already learned.

PAULINE.

Mother, you are angry; why do you look so at me? What do you mean? I never saw you look so before. (*Goes to kiss her.*)

MRS. NORTON, *pushing her away.*

Don't touch me, you ungrateful child! Oh! (*She hides her face with handkerchief.*)

PAULINE *cries out. Throws herself on* NELLIE.

Oh, Cousin Nellie! what does mamma mean?

AUGUSTA *to* MRS. NORTON.

Forgive her, mother.

MRS. NORTON, *starting up.*

I grow enraged at such deception. Pauline, this flimsy show of innocence takes the last spark of compassion for you out of my heart. It convinces me of your crime.

PAULINE, *in agony.*

My crime! Oh, Heaven! have the jewels been missed? (*All look significantly.* PAULINE *throws herself on sofa and buries her face.*)

AUGUSTA, *really frightened.*

Oh, mother! don t do anything to her.

MRS. NORTON, *furiously.*

Be silent, Augusta! No severity will be too great for this. Pauline, lift your head up. Where are those jewels? What did you do with them? Tell me!

PAULINE *kneels.*

Oh, mamma!

MRS. NORTON.

Answer me!

PAULINE.

Oh, mamma! I don't know where they are. Oh, Augusta! (*Holds out her hands to her, but* AUGUSTA *turns toward other end of room.*)

MRS. NORTON.

Miserable child, where are those jewels? Did you sell them?

PAULINE, *in anguish.*

No, mamma! Oh, I don't know anything of them! Augusta, why don't you speak?

MRS. NORTON.

No, she can't speak. I am the one to speak. Pauline, tell me what you have done with those jewels.

PAULINE.

Oh, mother! I have done nothing with them I don't know where they are. (*Enter* AUNT BETSEY.) Oh, Aunt Betsey! didn't you see me putting the jewel-case away this morning?

AUNT BETSEY, *advancing.*

Sure enough it was the "case," and the case only, Miss Lenie; I didn't see anything else. Your face was flushed, honey, and you couldn't get your Aunt Betsey out of the room soon enough. (*To* MRS. NORTON.) Are the jewels gone, ma'am?

MRS. NORTON.

Yes: stolen! See this ribbon and this button, and look at Pauline's apron, and see her cuff open! (PAULINE *looks also, and is amazed to see these articles gone.*)

AUNT BETSEY.

Oh, my pet! and is this the reason you wouldn't show them to me? Oh, no! No, you couldn't have taken them.

PAULINE, *intensely.*

No, no! Aunt Betsey, I did not take them! Oh, mamma! don't you believe me? I could not,—did not!

MRS. NORTON.

Enough! I have evidence enough. I must believe you

guilty; and if one would steal, a falsehood would not be a deeper degradation. Oh, sad is my heart that you have disgraced your name! Tell me what you have done with those jewels (PAULINE *weeps in silence.*) Do you hear me, miss? Return them, or tell me what you have done with them, or leave your home forever! You may go to the House of Correction. My roof shall not shelter such a corrupted child!

PAULINE, *on her knees.*

See, mother, on my knees, I solemnly declare I am innocent. I did not take the jewels. Oh, Augusta! why don't you speak?

MRS. NORTON, *angrily.*

Not a word, Augusta! And you, little wretch, add falsehood again to theft! Go! leave my house, and never set foot in it; and if we ever meet, never call me mother, for I do not know you, nor dare you to tell your name, or I'll have you arrested and jailed. (PAULINE *shudders and sinks down.*) Go, I tell you!

AUNT BETSEY, *crying, with apron to her eyes.*

Begging your pardon, ma'am, where will the little creature go? You don't mean to drive her out, the child.

MRS. NORTON, *interrupting.*

Silence! Will you ever learn your place, Betsey? Let her herd with thieves; she is no longer a Norton. Begone!

PAULINE, *rising up, firmly.*

Mother, I am a Norton, and if you drive me out, do not fear that you will ever be troubled with me again. I am, indeed, a child, but God in Heaven, who knows my innocence, will protect me. (*Goes to* AUGUSTA. AUGUSTA *turns away.*)

PAULINE, *reproachfully.*

Oh, my sister! do you—do you—do you turn away? and am I then alone? Does every one believe me guilty?

NELLIE, *throwing arms around her.*

No, Lenie; I don't! I could not believe you would do such a thing. I shall never believe it!

MRS. NORTON.

You are too sentimental, Nellie. I want no one to make a scene; the facts are horrible enough. Come here, and let her go! (*They all withdraw from* PAULINE, *who lifts up her hands to Heaven in centre of stage, pauses, takes up a large shawl that lies on a chair, throws it around her, looks around, takes her plaque off the easel, and walks sadly, slowly, away, while all have their faces covered but* MRS. NORTON.)

PAULINE, *looks back.*

Farewell, mother! Some day you will shed bitter tears for this cruel act, but may Heaven protect you. Farewell, Augusta. Oh, my poor sister! Good-by, Nellie. (NELLIE *turns to rush towards her, but* MRS. NORTON *seizes her arm firmly. She cries out* Oh, Lenie! *and falls into a chair.* PAULINE *disappears.* MRS. NORTON *walks out the other way, haughtily, with* AUGUSTA, *leaving only* AUNT BETSEY *and* NELLIE. *A pause.*)

NELLIE, *stamping her foot.*

This is dreadful! She never did this!

AUNT BETSEY, *with apron up, crying.*

It's no more like Miss Lenie's doin's than chalk's like cheese; but don't, Miss Nellie, don't cross the missus. You know how hot she is.

NELLIE.

I don't care; I am going to befriend Pauline. (NELLIE *leaves.*)

AUNT BETSEY, *wiping eyes.*

This is awful work! Poor little lamb! put out of the house that away. (*Wipes eyes.*) She did look too miserable sad; and yet there was nothing to show up that she was innocent except those eyes of hern. When I thinks of the whole thing I gets giddy; and yet I can't believe it. 'Tisn't like her; and if I hadn't seed her so flurried-like at that sectarian over there with me own eyes, I'd have walked through the whole world to defend her. (*Shakes her head and walks around.*) 'Tain't like her, and the more I think of it the harder it is to believe; and yet I'm such an old softie! I could have swore to it a minute ago. I don't believe it now. (*Cries.*) Poor lamb! I'll take up with Miss Nellie, and nothin' shall happen her. (*She wipes her eyes with her apron.*) Poor lamb! (*Goes out slowly, saying*) Poor lamb! this is an awful dark night, and I thought I heard it thundering awhile ago. (*Cries.*) Poor lamb!

Curtain falls.

SCENE II. *Stage darkened; thunder heard; dashes of rain; pause.*

TOM PINCHER, *policeman, with stick, and rubber coat and boots and lantern, enters.*

TOM PINCHER, *walking slowly up and down.*

Crackie! this is going to be a boss night for lifters! Not on my beat, though, I'll warrant you. I've got a good supper, and a good coat on, and a good stick here, and feel jolly all round, and just now I'm a thinkin' I ought to thank the Lord! I have a good woman at home, who has got my little Pinchers all tucked in their cribs by this time, and I've nothing to bother me but a fear of those rascally thieves making hay while the rain falls. Ha! ha! it used to be while the sun shines, but these robbers takes the night and the storm for their hay-makin'! Hist! (*street-singer's voice heard*) there's one of them squealing little outlaws as picks pockets and fleeces honest fools who like a tune. I'll go for her and hush her up. It's too late for birds to be out singing. (*He goes out. Voice continues* (*merry tune*, Tra-la-la), *nearer, but before singer stops enter* PAULINE *with her cloak wrapped close around her; looks bewildered; it thunders; voice stops; thunders again and again; rain dashes;* PAULINE *crouches down on floor; when there is a lull she speaks.*)

PAULINE.

Oh, my good God! what will become of me? out alone in this darkness and storm,—no mother, no home, no friends,—where will I go? where will I sleep to-night? Oh, Augusta! how can you sleep when you know your little sister is suffering, and without a spot to lay her head! Oh, how that thunder terrifies me! But who was that

singing? I thought I heard singing. Where did that voice come from?

Enter SALLY ANN *with big umbrella open; throws it down open.*

SALLY, *stepping up.*

Why, it came from me. Who are you, I'd like to know? I sing for a livin'. What do you do?

PAULINE.

I'm a poor child without a home.

SALLY.

None of your yarns. You ain't a poor child. Girls as wear such clothes as you got on under your shawl ain't poor no how. *I* am!

PAULINE.

Are you? Haven't you got any place to go?

SALLY.

Why, yes! I've got a garret; but mom she beats me all the time, and pop he's never in, and I have to go round singing in the streets to feed myself. But I'm awful hungry to-night!

PAULINE.

Here's a quarter, if you are hungry; I couldn't eat. You buy something to eat.

SALLY, *sneeringly.*

I thought you was a "poor child"! Haven't you got fifty cents?

PAULINE.

I have only got another quarter, and I want it to sleep somewhere.

SALLY.

Well, you are a queer one. You look like one of the quality. I'll sing a song for you if you listen. (*She sings, sitting on a log or stone beside* PAULINE. *During the song* PAULINE *weeps.* SALLY, *at its close, strikes her.*) What yer cryin' for? You've got to pay me for that song. What'll you give me?

PAULINE, *wiping her eyes.*

Indeed, I have nothing but this one quarter.

SALLY *pulls off her shawl.*

Well, I've got to get something. I want that frock you've got on, and that apron, too, and them slippers and stockings, and hurry up. (*Drives her around the stage.*)

PAULINE, *drawing back.*

Go away! go away! I'll scream.

SALLY, *striking her again.*

Ha! ha! scream away! I'll beat you till I get them. (*She strikes.*)

PAULINE.

Oh! oh! you hurt me! What do you want me to wear, if I give them to you?

SALLY, *holding her wrist.*

Why, you can wear my frock; and you needn't wear anything on your feet; folks as good as you goes barefoot. Off with them slippers! (PAULINE *stoops down and takes off slippers.* SALLY *grabs them and puts them on.*) Hurry up, you young snipe! I ain't a bit obliged to you. Take off that apron!

PAULINE *takes it off.*

Don't take my dress! Please don't!

SALLY, *striking her.*

You haven't got any more spunk than a chicken. Give me that other quarter. (*Sees plaque.*) Oh, ho! what's this dinner-plate?

PAULINE, *snatching it.*

Give that back to me! it is all I have. Here, take my last quarter and leave me. (*Thunder heard.*)

SALLY, *taking it and the shawl and apron.*

Whew! there's thunder! I guess I'll go. Anyhow, I hear old Tom Pincher coming. Here's a good-by, you beggar! (*Strikes her with umbrella and runs, just as* PINCHER *makes his appearance, lantern and all.* PAULINE *crouches down.*)

PINCHER, *rushing after* SALLY.

Halloo! you young rascal! where are you goin'? Ha!

who's this? (*Stoops down and catches* PAULINE. PAULINE *lifts her head.*)

PINCHER, *dragging her front by the arm.*

Lordy! who have we here? This is no street tramp. What's your name, youngster? Are you one of those young thieves?

PAULINE.

Please, sir, indeed I'm not! That little girl just ran away with my shoes and my cloak, and apron, and my last cent. I am not a thief, but I am without a home.

PINCHER.

They all tell pitiful stories.

PAULINE.

Oh, dear, kind sir! I am telling the truth.

PINCHER.

Why ain't you home with your mother?

PAULINE *sobs.*

Oh! because——

PINCHER.

Something wrong there, is there? Hey! will you tell yer name?

PAULINE.

My name! Oh, I was forbidden to tell my name!

PINCHER.

Here's a queer one! Why, then, I'll have to take you to the lock-up, if yer have no account to give of yourself.

PAULINE *falls on her knees.*

Oh, dear sir! please do not! Haven't you got any little daughters at home? and don't you love them? and if you found one of them out in the storm, would you take her to the lock-up? Dear Mr. Policeman, won't you have pity on a poor outcast little girl whose sorrow is so great that she has no place to go, no friends, no home, and all because of some one else's sin? Oh, pity me! (*She sinks on the floor.*)

PINCHER *rubs his eyes with his sleeve.*

'Pon my word, you've made me cry. Cheer up, little girl, I'll not let anything happen you. I see you're one of the quality, and them quality folks does hard things sometimes to their own flesh and blood. What did yer let that young singing thief carry off your clothes for? It's an old trick of hers. I wish I could get my stick on her shoulders.

PAULINE.

Let her have them; only I have no place to go. Will you take this painting (*shows plaque*) and let me sleep at your house to-night? I think if you sell it it will pay for my lodging.

PINCHER, *holding it up admiringly.*

That's a pooty-lookin' dish. Where did you get it?

PAULINE.

It's a plaque, and I painted it myself. I can do plenty more.

PINCHER, *amazed.*

Crackie! Did you put them colored figgers and flowers on it with them little bits of fingers you've got?

PAULINE.

Yes, sir; indeed I did.

PINCHER.

Laws! Well, I know your chance, then. Are yer willin' to work more of them for a livin'?

PAULINE.

Yes, sir! Oh, yes, indeed. Can you help me?

PINCHER.

Yer don't look like as if yer were used to tellin' lies, but I'll soon find out all that about yer if yer are. But yer chance is Mrs. Worthington, as good a lady as ever walked. She's crippled and never gets off her cheer. They rolls it in and out of her room, and she has handles to it, and it does as good as feet any day. She has a young brother as is what they call an artist; and their house is all hung with pictures as real as life, and she kind of made a vow to help young people as wants to learn to paint. So I'll show you up, if yer satisfied to stay at old Tom Pincher's till mornin'.

PAULINE *takes hold of his arm. Tries to kiss his hand.*

Oh, dear, kind sir! how can I thank you!

PINCHER.

That'll do. Hold on now! If yer hadn't talked that way about my little darters,—as is fast asleep now, God bless 'em!—yer wouldn't have got at my heart so easy; but I couldn't see yer in the lock-up when yer talked that away. Come now, I'll take you to Mrs. Pincher, and to-morrow

we'll find out something about you and take you up to Mrs. Worthington. What'll I call yer if yer won't tell yer name?

PAULINE, *emphatically.*

Call me *Dolores*, for my life henceforth will be filled with sorrow.

PINCHER.

All right, Miss 'Lores. Come along; that "dinner-plate" of yourn has made yer fortune. (*Exit.*)

Curtain Falls.

SCENE III. *The Norton Drawing-Room.* AUGUSTA *seated at some fancy-work. She rocks herself at intervals; looks distressed and nervous.*

AUGUSTA.

Oh, miserable being that I am! For two whole weeks I have lived a life of deceit, seemingly happy, yet with a viper gnawing at my very soul,—the viper of remorse! All night Pauline stands at my bedside with pale and tearful face, reminding me she is innocent, and in the daytime I am perpetually in terror lest some dreadful news of her death, or perhaps worse, may come to mamma and drive her to insanity. Yet I dare not, dare not, confess it! Oh, no! no, never!

Enter AUNT BETSEY.

Miss Augusta, there are three young ladies as is waiting for your pleasure. Here are their cards. I took them from the maid, who waits to know if she will tell them you are

engaged. She said, miss, you told her this afternoon you would see no one.

AUGUSTA, *taking cards.*

Who are they, Aunt Betsey? (*Reads*) Edith Temple. Misery! Clare Meredith, Heloise Zacharie! Oh, Aunt Betsey! I must receive them. They are the fashionables of the town, and I should never be forgiven did I excuse myself. Tell Kittie to send them up.

AUNT BETSEY.

I will, Miss Augusta. Don't be so down-hearted, miss, all will come right yet: "After the storm cometh a great calm." Overhaul the Book of Wisdom, and when found, make a note and act accordingly. (*Goes out.*)

AUGUSTA.

I never knew Aunt Betsey to end a speech without that. Well, I must rouse up and be my old self again. Pshaw! Pauline must be somewhere all right. The thing will straighten out by degrees. What is the use in worrying?

Enter three fashionably-dressed young ladies.

AUGUSTA *rises and salutes them.*

My dear friends, I am very glad to see you. Won't you be seated?

EDITH.

Why, Augusta, you do look miserable. Why don't you take a little exercise? Ride out more, and your color will return.

HELOISE.

You have become a regular hermit of late; I haven't seen you out shopping for an age.

CLARE.

Surely, Augusta, you don't intend keeping in-doors this way? We called to tell you of such a pleasant plan we have made, and we only need you to make us perfectly happy.

AUGUSTA.

Indeed, my dear Clare, you are very kind, but I have lost my desire for enjoyment since (*covers her face*) the (*sighs*) disgrace.

EDITH.

Oh, Augusta! Why, that is nothing. There must be a black sheep in every family! No one minds that.

HELOISE.

It isn't even spoken of now. Of course at first every one was astonished at that little creature. But now no one thinks of it.

AUGUSTA.

But *we* think of it, and mamma is quite crushed. Oh, it was dreadful!

EDITH.

But do you think it was Pauline? Pardon me, Augusta. I would not have attempted to mention the matter unless you introduced it.

AUGUSTA, *drawing chair closer.*

Of course you are my intimate friends, and I can speak unreservedly.

ALL.

Certainly. Can you doubt us?

AUGUSTA.

Well, Clare, you remember how often Pauline spoke of those jewels?

CLARE.

Why, she fairly raved about them.

AUGUSTA.

Heloise, did you ever hear her?

HELOISE.

Not that I remember. Indeed, I always had such an exalted opinion of that child, that nothing would convince me of her guilt.

EDITH.

That's just like you, Heloise! The Zacharies are all stubborn.

AUGUSTA.

Would that I could believe as does Heloise! but the proofs are too strong.

CLARE.

What were the proofs?

AUGUSTA.

Pauline's sleeve-button found *in* the drawer, and a ribbon off her apron found *at* the secretary the very hour the jewels were missed, and her own flurried manner and crimson face. Besides, when she came into the room before they were mentioned at all, she cried out involuntarily, when she saw every one in confusion, "Have the jewels been missed?"

CLARE.

Why, there could be no earthly doubt after that.

HELOISE.

And did Mrs. Norton expel her from the house then?

AUGUSTA, *sighing.*

That minute! Poor mamma is so proud and quick-tempered. She was so shocked, so roused, that she drove her out into the street that very evening. And oh, girls! there was such a storm that night. I have not dared to breathe her name, but I am fairly wild with anxiety to know where she is. No one seems to know where she went.

EDITH.

Don't fret. Pauline wasn't one of these cowards who will sit down and die on the road. She is in some safe place without the fear of a doubt. I say a safe place, too, for she was an uncommonly firm child. She will make her way through the world. Don't fear.

CLARE.

But can't you sympathize with Augusta in her anxiety? Pauline is not the less her sister.

EDITH.

Oh, to be sure! Still, my idea is that Providence wills that the erring should be punished sooner or later. And why not in this case?

AUGUSTA, *hiding her face and growing agitated.*

Oh, Edith! don't say any more, I implore you! (*Girls gather around* AUGUSTA.)

EDITH, *embracing her.*

Do pardon me, Augusta! I am too severe. I know your high spirit and noble soul revolt at this sad error, and yet I forget that she is your sister.

CLARE.

Let us talk on some other subject. This grows too painful. Augusta, my plan! You have said nothing about it; not a question.

AUGUSTA, *recovering herself.*

Excuse my display of feeling, but I could not help it. Tell me your plan, Clare.

CLARE.

Why, if the weather continue fine, we are coming here on horseback early Tuesday morning; you must join us, and we will all ride over to the mountain, where our grooms and a camp breakfast will await us; then we will visit the basket-maker's daughter, who has such a marvellous voice. We will hear her sing, and return to dinner at four, and be ready at tea to give an account of our adventures to our respective mammas.

HELOISE.

Does the plan meet your approval?

AUGUSTA.

It does indeed.

CLARE.

Do not forget that the basket-maker's daughter is poor, so we must consecrate our fun by an act of charity,—each one must bring an alms.

EDITH, *rising.*

I, for one, will not forget it. But don't you think we had better be going home?

AUGUSTA.

Ah, girls! do not go yet; I feel oppressed with sadness.

EDITH.

Come, Augusta, don't get foolish. Cheer up and think about Tuesday morning. Good-by.

AUGUSTA *salutes each.*

Adieu, my friends. (HELOISE *says* Au revoir, CLARE *says* Auf weidersehen. *Exit.*)

AUGUSTA, *alone, in a reverie. Sinks into a chair and folds her hands.*

More dark deception. But there is no use feeling as I do; the thing is done, and I must keep it up to the bitter end. But, oh! I am afraid—I am afraid of Almighty God. (*Solemnly folding her hands.*) What, oh, what will become of me! Poor innocent Pauline!

Enter AUNT BETSEY. *Wipes her eyes with corner of apron.*

AUNT BETSEY *uses feather brush or duster.*

Sure enough, Miss Augusta, it's what I am saying every hour,—poor innocent Miss Lenie! and——

AUGUSTA, *angrily starting up.*

Aunt Betsey, were you daring to listen to what I was saying?

AUNT BETSEY.

Lor'! no, Miss Augusta; I was only——

AUGUSTA, *interrupting.*

Don't say it again! It seems to me, Aunt Betsey, you are always around at the wrong time.

AUNT BETSEY.

I am begging your pardon, miss, but your lady mother is going out driving and wants you just a moment down in the library.

AUGUSTA, *leaving.*

You should have said that at once, Aunt Betsey, and not join in a remark that was not intended for you to hear. (*Exit.*)

AUNT BETSEY *alone. Dusts.*

Look at that now! Like mother, like daughter. "Train up a child in the way it should go, and when it grows up it will be the reverse." Overhaul your Book of Wisdom for that, and when found make a note of the same. Well, if Miss Augusta didn't get excited over nothing I m not Betsey. I have watched her pretty close since the poor little lamb was driven out into the storm, and she is altogether too restless and flightful to make me think it's grievin' for Miss Lenie she is. I thought she was at first, but grievin' would make her more sorrowful-like and less quick and scary. Oh, Blessed Virgin Mother! watch over that little lamb! It's wonderful that not a word of news can be got about her at all, at all. Miss Nellie bids fair to be sick with sorrow, and she's goin' away soon across the waters, and I believe the missus is pinin' with worriting already, but she'd die sooner than go back of her word. Them jewels

is the queer misfortunate things. Not an inquire has the missus made for them, not a word, no more nor if the trouble was about something else. Betty said the other day, when she was a-tendin' to Miss Augusta's hair, that she told her to open a jewel-case on her bureau for a pin, and Betty got hold of a handkerchief, and she thought Miss Augusta'd fly off the chair she was on; she got white as a sheet. "Put that away!" she screamed, as if Betty was a-stealin' it. There's something wrong with Miss Augusta, and it isn't sorrow either; and never a prayer does she say, nor a blessed rosary; and hasn't she put the statue of the Blessed Virgin that the Nuns at the Convent gave her into the bureau-drawer. There's something wrong with Miss Augusta or I ain't Betsey. "When you see the smoke look out for the fire." Overhaul your "Paradise Lost" for that, and when found make a note of it. (*She goes.*)

Curtain falls.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Five years are supposed to have passed.*

A studio at MRS. WORTHINGTON'S *house. Five or six easels with sketches and half-finished pictures, chairs, mahl-sticks, tables, etc.* PAULINE *seated at centre easel painting; her colors, etc., are beside her; she wears a long apron; her hair is put up like a young lady; her dress long. She is seventeen years old. She alternately paints and soliloquizes.*

PAULINE.

This is the 6th of the month,—a memorable anniversary. Five years ago, on this day, I was driven out of my mother's house. I was branded with a crime of which I

am innocent; and my heartless sister looked at my misery without a tear. Yet, why should I say heartless? Poor, deluded Augusta! she has suffered more than her poor lost sister. (*Clasps her hands.*) Oh, my God! how good thou wert! Scarcely was I driven from my home when thou didst provide one for me, and here have I been the object of a most tender love for these long five years. With Mrs. Worthington's gentle counsel and care, and her brother's noble instructions, I am happy and famous already. My paintings are sought for, and as soon as the name "Dolores" is seen on the stretcher, money pours into my hands. How wonderful are the ways of God! how lovingly he protects the innocent! (*Pauses.*) And yet I dread the coming years, for I know not what they may bring. Living here in utter seclusion with my sweet maternal friend, whose painful helplessness only heightens her marvellous beauty of soul and mind, I know not how the world moves on. I have never seen my mother or my sister, and I fear to ask for them. Sometimes I long so for them, and for my home; yet I have trusted so entirely to my God, and have met so many marks of His love and care, that for the future I will have no hope, no wish, save to work out His merciful designs. Yet, (*clasps hands*) my God! grant me this grace, to restore the lost jewels, to see Augusta's repentance, and to receive my mother's blessing. (*She bows her head.*)

Enter MRS. WORTHINGTON *on her rolling-chair; her maid,* FANCHETTE, *pushes her along. She wears a dressing wrapper of cashmere; has her hair, white, smoothed plainly under tulle cap; wears gold glasses; is very pale, and speaks slowly.* FANCHETTE *rolls her chair near centre of stage.* PAULINE *rises at once, goes to her, draws little table near, places small gong on it, and helps* FANCHETTE *to adjust her pillows.*

PAULINE, *tenderly.*

Why, mother! you gave me quite a start. I had no idea you would venture to the studio at this hour. It is a sweet pleasure. You may leave, Fanchette; we will ring for you if mother needs anything.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

Dolores, my darling, I have some news for you; so lay aside your brushes and that uncouth apron, and come and sit here beside me.

PAULINE, *doing so.*

Most willingly will I do so, my mother. Indeed, I have been disposed to dream all day, and do not feel like working at all. What will Mr. Hubert say? My good master does not like me to idle.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

Hubert will say nothing. I shall tell him I took you from your easel. (PAULINE *sits on a low chair.*) Well, Dolores, I received a letter to-day from Dresden, where my brother, wife, and family have been residing for some years. Here it is. Why! (*Looking in her lap.*) No! (*Rings the gong.*) I must have left it in my room.

Enter FANCHETTE.

FANCHETTE.

Did you ring, ma'am?

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

Yes, Fanchette. On the sofa in my room you will find a square envelope, large, with foreign postmarks. Bring it to me. (*She goes.*)

DOLORES.

Why, mother, I did not know you had relations living abroad. You never mentioned them.

Enter FANCHETTE *with letter.*

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

Thank you, Fanchette. Now a glass of fresh water, and then I will need nothing till I return to my room, when I will ring for you.

FANCHETTE.

Yes, ma'am. (*She goes with glass.*)

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

In this letter, Dolores, my sister-in-law tells me she will return to America; in fact, will visit me about the 5th or 6th of May. What day of the month is this, Dolores?

DOLORES.

It is the 6th. Surely you make a mistake.

MRS. WORTHINGTON *looks at letter.*

No. Why, Dolores, this letter has been dreadfully delayed! Yes, indeed, (*examines date*) it has been two months on the way, and no doubt my nieces and their mother are here now and may visit me this very day. Is it possible that I never mentioned them to you, Dolores?

Enter FANCHETTE *with a glass; fusses around a little, and retires.*

DOLORES.

Never, mother; this is the first time I have ever heard of their existence; but they need no description. To know

they are of your blood is quite sufficient for me to love them and prize them as I do you, who have been my second mother.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

You are too grateful, my child. I can never thank God enough for sending you to cheer my lonely hours and brighten my helpless state with your sweet attentions. Although the dark page of your life that sent you adrift in the world is still hidden from me, I almost fear its revelation lest it take my sunbeam from me.

DOLORES.

Ah, my mother! I have been sad of late; my past rises up too vividly sometimes to put aside; and I think the time has come for me to tell you my early trials. But first satisfy me about your expected guests.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

They are not my "blood" as you say, but I love them for my brother's sake. He has been married only a few years; they went abroad after the wedding, and have remained there till now. The lady was a widow with three children, as remarkable for her virtue as for her youth and beauty. I have never seen them, but the letters received from time to time from my brother's wife, as they visited different cities of fame in the old world, were full of charming interest and happiness. Did I not read some of these to you, Dolores?

DOLORES.

Yes, I believe you did; but I never imagined that these were the circumstances. I do not think I knew he was married.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

This letter is from Mrs. Nelson; she speaks of the children,—she is sure I will like Nellie, the eldest; that Isabel and Grace will try my nerves, they are so lively, but that baby Constance will creep right into my heart. They are all Claghorns but Constance.

DOLORES, *amazed.*

Nellie! Isabel! Grace! All Claghorns! Mother, mother! what do you say? Tell me their mother's first name.

MRS. WORTHINGTON, *looking at letter and at* DOLORES.

Why, you are quite agitated, Dolores. What is there in this that should make you so startled? Their mother's first name is—yes—"Pauline." See, there is her signature: "Pauline C. Nelson." (DOLORES *covers her face.*) Dolores, my child, what is it? Are you ill?

DOLORES.

No, mother, not ill, not ill, but dreadfully agitated. Yet it is nothing. I only alarm you. You are quite tremulous, mother. (*Rises, takes her hand, and gives her water.*) Here, mother, a mouthful of water; I will tell you in a moment.

MRS. WORTHINGTON *drinks.*

My child, you mystify me. Do not be worried about my being tremulous,—you know I am nervous,—but tell me. This enigmatical conduct distresses me. Will you not, Dolores?

DOLORES *pauses, and again seats herself.*

Yes, mother, the time has come to tell you everything. I think your brother's wife is my aunt, and your nieces are my cousins.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

What! How! Impossible!

DOLORES.

It may not be. But my real name is not Dolores; it is Norton,—Pauline Norton. I am named after my mother's youngest sister, Pauline Claghorn. Aunt Pauline had been a widow for some years when I saw her last, and of her three children, my cousins Nellie, Isabel, and Grace, Nellie was my sweetest, dearest, and best-beloved friend. I have a sister, Augusta. (*She pauses and covers her face.*)

MRS. WORTHINGTON, *deeply interested, bends forward.*

My child, do not pause; remember I have been shut out from the world for twenty years. Seated on this chair, I am a prisoner to disease, and know just as much of outside life as my lawyer and my servants choose to give me information. My brother Hubert, as you know, is an artist and a dreamer; he by choice ignores society, and as few care to spend time with an invalid, I am almost unknown even to my relations, save by reputation, and the world is unknown to me. So if you have fear lest perhaps some evil reports of your past life have come to my ears, be encouraged, for it is not the case.

DOLORES.

No, I do not fear for myself, for, thank God, I am innocent. But, mother, my poor sister Augusta, in a moment of temptation, became a thief, and stole my mother's cherished heirlooms, jewels she prized more than words can tell because of their associations. I accidentally found out she was the culprit, and promised most solemnly not to betray her, hoping that the matter might be adjusted by some happy interference. But that very night my mother and this cousin Nellie, talking of old days, went to the secretary where the jewels were kept and discovered their loss and the empty case, and, sad to say, they found my sleeve-button and a ribbon which had dropped when, to screen Augusta, I put the empty case back! *I* was branded as the robber, and the disgrace of my blood! and my proud, sensitive, outraged mother drove me at once from her heart and home into the darkness and the storm. This day, yes, this day five years ago I was a houseless beggar in the street! (*Weeps.*)

MRS. WORTHINGTON *puts hand on head.*

Oh, my Dolores! and you have hidden this bitter secret in your breast. You have never uttered one unkindly word of that hasty mother or of that heartless sister, but bent silently over your easel these weeks and months and years, until, my darling, your name is in every one's mouth. The unknown painter Dolores is the admiration of the world of art. Nobly have you given to God the talent He has bestowed upon you, and nobly have you hidden your sad trial. But Dolores, how can it be possible that your sister permitted you to be thus punished for her sin? Did she make no effort to save you?

DOLORES.

Alas, no! I think she was so terrified at my mother's anger that words failed her.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

Did all your family refuse to believe you?

DOLORES.

My cousin Nellie would not hear to my being called guilty. And there was dear, old, kind-hearted nurse, Aunt Betsey, who watched over us since our very birth, she wanted to believe me innocent, but happened to see the worst confirmation of her suspicions. She caught me at the secretary when, to shield Augusta, I put the empty jewel-case back. Poor old Aunt Betsey! she had such a comical droll way of quoting sayings from every imaginable source and giving the wrong authority. I can almost hear her now, for she ended off every sentence the same way; that is, when she was in earnest.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

But where did you go when you found your home closed against you, Dolores?

DOLORES.

When I found myself alone in the street at night, I was dazed and bewildered. I knew not where to turn. A storm was raging, and I crouched down on a doorstep, holding tight to a plaque which I had finished that day at home, and which I had mechanically picked up. A poor but rascally little street singer actually stripped me of money, slippers, and cloak, and no doubt would have gone further, when a gruff old policeman made his appearance. The

singer fled, and I was about being marched to the lock-up, when I pleaded with all my soul for a refuge for the night. I gave him my plaque. I touched his heart, and he took me to his humble home,—not indeed to sleep, but as a shelter,—and next day he brought me to you, to this calm, happy home, where I have found a mother and a friend, a master and a father, ever since. In the study of my cherished art I have been able to forget my sorrows and school my soul for the future, whatever it may be.

MRS. WORTHINGTON, *who has been deeply interested.*

Be cheered, my child; the clouds are breaking. I see God's tender providence over you, and I feel that ere long you will be reunited to that mother and sister whom I trust you have long since forgiven, and who, without doubt, have suffered terribly the pangs of remorse.

Knock heard. Enter FANCHETTE.

A carriage, ma'am, has come, and three little misses have asked for you. They say they are your nieces.

DOLORES *rises and is agitated.*

MRS. WORTHINGTON, *aside.*

Do not leave, Dolores. If you wish to remain unrecognized go to your easel, and I will find out all you wish. Fanchette, tell them I am an invalid, and bring them up to the studio. (*Exit.*) Do not be agitated, dear. Keep bent over your easel and listen.

Enter NELLIE, GRACE, CONSTANCE, *and* ISABEL, *in travelling dress. They advance to* MRS. WORTHINGTON'S *chair and kiss her tenderly and gently.*

NELLIE.

Dearest aunt, mamma wished us to pay our respects to you the very first one, so my sisters have come with me to do so. This is our first visit since we arrived in America, and we wish to tell you how glad we are to have such a dear, good aunt, and to bear papa and mamma's greetings. They will be here before evening closes.

GRACE.

We have brought you and Uncle Hubert some very nice souvenirs of Germany, and are anxious to get our trunks unpacked to show them to you.

ISABEL.

Mamma and papa have so often spoken of our dear, good Aunt Worthington that we almost think we know you. Mamma used to read your letters to us, and she told us how much we should love you, since you are imprisoned on your chair from morning till night, and how careful we must be lest we annoy your nerves by being too noisy or talking too much.

CONSTANCE, *kissing her.*

Mamma said I was to be your pet, and kiss you for her and papa.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

My darling nieces, your aunt's heart and home are open to you; she has learned to love you from your mamma's

letters. Nellie, you must tell me your sisters' names. You I know from your mamma's description.

NELLIE *introduces them.*

This is Grace, dear aunt, and this is Isabel, and here is baby Constance.

MRS. WORTHINGTON *draws them around her chair.*

Well, you know I am your Aunt Worthington, and this young lady who is so busy that she cannot speak to you is one of my brother Hubert's pupils in painting. (DOLORES *nods slightly.*) Tell me, Nellie, are you glad to get back to America? First lay aside your hat and wraps. Fanchette will take them. (*Rings for* FANCHETTE. FANCHETTE *takes hats, etc., and they all seat themselves, forming pretty tableaux.* DOLORES *has back to them.*)

NELLIE, *when all are seated.*

Glad to get back to America! Yes indeed, dear aunt. No length of sojourn abroad could wean me from my native land. Europe may boast of grander architecture, nobler painting and sculpture, and higher education, but many a time I yearned for the autumn glory of our forests, the sublime wildness of our mountains, the free joyous greetings of American hearts. Mamma and papa both call me enthusiastic.

ISABEL.

Nellie is quite romantic, aunt. When we were going up the Rhine she sat on the deck of the steamboat with her guitar singing German songs and looking quite sentimental; everybody was around her.

GRACE.

And when we were in Switzerland she was forever out with tourist parties, watching sunrises and sunsets.

CONSTANCE.

Auntie, I can say my prayers in German.

ISABEL.

All of us can say our prayers, and more than our prayers, in French, German, and Latin. You know, dear aunt, you can learn a good deal by staying a year with people who can't talk English.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

Yes, my darlings, you can learn something from everybody. No doubt now, Nellie, your first care will be to look up your old friends.

NELLIE.

Ah, yes, aunt; and there is one dear friend that I love as I do my sisters,—my cousin, Pauline Norton. My first care shall be to hunt her up. She is my favorite cousin.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

Where does she live?

NELLIE, *a little confused.*

Well, indeed, dear aunt, I cannot say. All I know is I am determined to see her soon.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

No doubt you can do so easily. Had she any sisters?

NELLIE.

One sister, Augusta, from whom I heard occasionally while I was abroad; but she is much changed now, at least to judge from her letters. She tells me she rarely goes out, that she has lost all her taste for pleasure and amusement; that sometimes she fears her health is failing. She says, too, her mamma, my aunt Eleanor, is but the shadow of her former self.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

But what of Pauline?

ISABEL.

None of us know anything about Cousin Lenie. We loved her so dearly, aunt.

GRACE.

One time when we went to Aunt Eleanor's they told us not to mention Pauline's name,—she had gone away. Aunt Betsey, that's the old nurse, cries every time you say her name.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

Why, that seems strange. Nellie, don't you know any cause for this sudden disappearance?

NELLIE.

Well, aunt, I think there was some mistake, some dreadful plot or blunder of which my darling cousin was the victim. Aunt Eleanor is very hasty, and I think she was harsh to Pauline, but she has suffered dreadfully since. We all went away, you know, when mamma was married, and I never could hear a word of Pauline's whereabouts. Aunt

Eleanor they say has grown gray and stooped, and Augusta is falling into decline. Dear me! I hope it is all a rumor, but I fear it is not. At all events, I am going to search for Pauline as soon as we are settled, perhaps before. I can tell you more some other time. Now that I remember, in one of Augusta's last letters she spoke of a new unknown artist here whose pictures are very much admired, especially portraits, which she takes from photograph and life. I am extravagantly fond of painting and would like to see this artist, so would Augusta, and she is only waiting for Aunt Eleanor to look better so that she can have her portrait painted. No one knows, I believe, whether this artist is man or woman. The name "Dolores" is on the corner of every painting; but, you know, aunt, that is no criterion. No doubt you have heard of this artist, since Uncle Hubert is a painter too. (*Looks at* DOLORES.) I see this lady is working very skilfully here.

MRS. WORTHINGTON *tries to attract attention from* DOLORES.

Yes, dear, I have heard of this artist, and I know it to be a lady. So tell your cousin Augusta, if you ever happen to hear her mention this wish, to write to Uncle Hubert, who can easily procure "Dolores," as she is called, to take the portrait. But now, my darlings, I must insist on your getting some refreshments. You know I am a helpless cripple, (*rings bell*) but I have an active little pair of feet in Fanchette, which serve me as well as my own. (*Enter* FANCHETTE.) Fanchette, take these dear children to the dining-room and prepare a nice lunch for them, and you know the rooms that are always ready for visitors.

FANCHETTE.

Yes, ma'am, everything is ready. We anticipated your order.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

Go, dear Nellie and children, and return when you have refreshed yourselves to my room. (*Children all leave.*) Dolores, roll me over to the easel. (PAULINE *turns and throws herself on knees, and puts head in lap.*) Patience, sweet child; through the fires of sorrow you are passing. All will come to the bright end, and very soon.

DOLORES.

Oh, mother! I could hardly restrain myself. I could hardly keep from flinging my arms around Nellie's neck. Dear, dear Nellie! So she loves me yet; she does not believe the calumny. She has changed very little, but my other cousins have changed a great deal. Constance, of course, I never saw. I feel bewildered, giddy; my head reels. I have heard so much of my mother and sister, and they are ill she says.

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

Yes, Dolores. Ah, I must be careful of your name! This strain has been too much for you. You had better retire and rest for a few hours. Come, go to my room with me, and prepare to take your mother's portrait. I will put Hubert on the track to-morrow. The reunion must not be delayed.

DOLORES.

Be cautious, mother, be cautious. I know I need not urge it. (*She rolls* MRS. WORTHINGTON *out.*) How thankful I am to God!

Curtain falls.

SCENE II. *The Norton Sitting-Room. An easel, blank stretcher, chairs, tables, etc.*

PAULINE *is seated at easel, a little hat on, with hair and veil so disposed as to hide her face. She wears smoked glasses. She is preparing her brushes, etc.*

PAULINE.

How I tremble! After five years' absence I am in my own home again. And oh, how changed! Gloom and silence everywhere,—the punishment of my poor sister, whom I long to embrace once more, and to show her these jewels, (*she takes out the case of jewels from her pocket, opens and contemplates them*) which my own earnings have brought back again. (*She puts back in pocket.*) I am here as a stranger, a hired artist to take my own mother's portrait. I have only seen Augusta at a distance, for Mr. Hubert made all the arrangements for the sittings, and at a distance she looked subdued and wretched, all her vivacity gone, and terrible lines of pain on her face. And my mother! how can I gaze upon her face! I long to embrace her. (*She is fixing her palette, etc.*) Still, I must be calm. I must remember that only by degrees the secret may be revealed. "Through the fires of sorrow" Dolores will be restored to them, and I must not anticipate one moment. Ah, I hear a step. I know it, although slower and heavier. Poor Aunt Betsey! how can I refrain from embracing her!

Enter AUNT BETSEY. *Curtsies.*

Miss Augusta bid me tell you, miss, that her mother is just ready and will be here in a moment. (PAULINE *bows*

silently. AUNT BETSEY *rubs her eyes with corner of apron, goes a little distance off and turns back. Stands wiping eyes.*) Beggin' your pardon, miss, I can't help lookin' back, your painting things remind me so much of one who used to paint in that very corner. She's as good as dead now, though she was the lovingest little lamb ever born, God bless her. "Hopin' for to see her sickens my heart." Overhaul your song-book, and when found make a note of it. (*Bell.*) Ah, I hear Miss Augusta ringing for me. (*She goes.*)

PAULINE.

Good old Aunt Betsey, overhauling something as usual! How did I keep from throwing my arms around her! But hush! I hear voices. Oh, my heart, be still!

Enter AUGUSTA *with* MRS. NORTON *leaning on her arm. She seems feeble, and wears plain black dress, and cap; her hair is white; shoulders stooped.* AUGUSTA *is dressed plainly, and looks pale and sad, and speaks in a quiet tone.* AUGUSTA *seats her mother.* DOLORES *rises and bows.*

AUGUSTA.

The artist Dolores, I presume? (DOLORES *bows.*) I am glad you are ready to begin. I told Betsey to show you up at once, as mother, although rather brighter this morning, is never sure of herself very long, and may grow weak before an hour passes.

MRS. NORTON, *in a sort of whisper.*

Oh, Augusta! don't let her sit there,—*her corner.*

AUGUSTA.

Why, mother, there is no better light in the room. Don't think of that, mother; think of wearing your pleasantest face and sweetest smile. For you know the portrait is to be the masterpiece of the house. (*Bows to* DOLORES.)

DOLORES *seats herself.*

I shall try to make it so, Miss Norton. (*To* MRS. NORTON.) Place yourself in a natural position, madam. Your head back a little; a little more to one side. There. Now I will begin to sketch. Will you allow me to tell you a story while I proceed? It may interest you, and will take away the strain which continuance in one position may cause.

MRS. NORTON.

Most willingly. I shall only be too glad to take my mind off memories which your attitude and occupation suggest so vividly.

AUGUSTA *getting some needlework.* MRS. NORTON *folds her hands and gazes attentively at the artist's fingers.*

AUGUSTA.

Pray begin the story. I feel quite sure that with your soothing, gentle voice mamma will listen with much attention, and will wear her happiest expression.

DOLORES *sketches, etc., while she speaks.*

It was in May, between five and six years ago. The night was dark and stormy. I was passing along the street, when I saw a little girl crouched down by a doorstep to avoid the storm.

AUGUSTA, *starting, and dropping work.*

How was she dressed?

DOLORES.

She wore a blue merino dress and a transparent white apron. Her curls were tied by a streamer of blue ribbon; and, although she was wrapped in a shawl, I could see she held a painted plaque tightly in her hands.

AUGUSTA, *agitated.*

Oh, dear mademoiselle! Did you speak to her?

DOLORES *quietly to* MRS. NORTON, *who throws her head back.*

Do not change your position, madam. There. May I continue?

AUGUSTA, *more calmly, resuming work.*

Do, I implore you.

DOLORES.

Just then a sharp little girl, but with a beautiful voice,—in fact, one of these regular street singers and pickpockets,—appeared on the scene, and actually succeeded in stripping the poor child of shoes, stockings, apron, and cloak, and no doubt would have gone further only a policeman walked up, and the singer made off with her booty, while the defenceless little child sank weeping to the ground, utterly overcome.

MRS. NORTON, *pressing her hand on heart.*

Oh, miss! you are causing me intense suffering; yet do not stop, I implore you.

DOLORES, *rising.*

Suffering! Certainly I will stop. I shall cease the recital this moment. Your expression must not be one of suffering.

BOTH.

No, no! Go on! go on!

AUGUSTA.

I had a little sister once, whose disappearance has broken my heart and my mother's; and there is a striking coincidence in the time of your story and the appearance of the child. Can you wonder at our interest?

DOLORES.

No, I do not wonder. Well, I shall resume. The child was taken in charge by the good-hearted policeman, who gave her a bed under his roof, and the next day brought her to a benevolent lady, Mrs. Worthington, who, although a confirmed invalid, received her into her heart and home, where, under the care of her brother, an artist, she has spent five years studying painting, and although the world knows her under the name of Dolores, her real name is still unknown.

AUGUSTA, *rising up excitedly.*

No, it is not unknown! Oh, gracious heaven! I can be deceived no longer. It is Pauline! it is my sister's voice! (*She rushes towards her; takes off the glasses, tears off the hat and veil.*) Oh, Pauline! it is indeed you. Mother, come! Do you not see her? (*She kisses her.*)

MRS. NORTON, *rising, stretches out her arms.*

My child! I felt it was you, but I dared not speak. Come

to my arms! (PAULINE *goes to her mother's embrace. A few moments' pause, in which all are excited.*)

AUGUSTA, *on her knees.*

Mother! sister! hear me. I can bear my awful secret no longer. *I* am the thief, the wretch, the miserable one who stole those jewels and then falsely acted the part of the innocent, and allowed the storm of your wrath, mother, to fall on this guileless head. Oh! if you only both knew how much I have suffered you would not heap your contempt on me,—you would not withhold your forgiveness. Mother, can you forgive me?

MRS. NORTON, *her arm around* PAULINE.

Augusta, remorse has subdued me. I can forgive your guilt *now*, when I remember I spurned this poor child here in her innocence. I can forgive you, for I have learned a lesson of humility, and can bear to hear that my child is indeed a thief, although not the child accused before the world.

AUGUSTA, *weeping.*

I deserve it! I deserve it all! Pauline, can you forgive me? No, it is impossible.

PAULINE, *putting her arm around her.*

Augusta, I forgave you long ago. I knew that the blindness which vanity cast over your eyes would soon be cured, and while I struggled as a poor artist, it was only with the hope that I might one day repurchase the jewels, restore them to dear mamma, and see your repentance. This has been accomplished through the fires of sorrow. (*Raises her up.*) And since God has united us once more, let the

past be forgotten, and let us live but to love one another. See, here are the jewels! once more ours.

MRS. NORTON *taking them, looks at them and covers her face; kisses them; stands between* AUGUSTA *and* PAULINE.

MRS. NORTON *to* PAULINE.

Noble, generous child! Augusta, for your sister's sake I can no longer hesitate. (*Kisses her.*) Here I seal your forgiveness. We have both suffered, bitter, bitter sufferings, but the clouds have broken, and I trust there are many years of joy before us. I need add nothing, Augusta, to the terrible lesson you have received,—such is the reward of vanity! May God preserve you from its temptations in future! for no degradation is too low: vanity, robbery, falsehood,—a living falsehood! Ask God's pardon, my poor child, and act so in the future that we may love you as much as we have been disappointed in you.

AUGUSTA.

Oh, I deserve it all! Mother! Pauline! words cannot tell my agonies of remorse, my sleepless nights, my sunless days, my fruitless inquiries for my sister, my weakness when I felt it all should be confessed. Oh! my life shall be one long endeavor to brighten the hearts of those I have grieved so much; and time will prove that I too have been chastened by the fires of sorrow. (*She leans her head on her mother's shoulder,* PAULINE *on the other side.*)

Enter AUNT BETSEY. *Throws up her hands.*

Glory to the Heavens as is a-smilin' down this day if it isn't Miss Lenie! Oh, Miss Lenie darlin'! it was I as knew you and thought of yourself sittin' in that corner when I

came in. Don't you mind I couldn't take my eyes off you, Miss Lenie?

PAULINE *goes to her and kisses her.*

Indeed I do, Aunt Betsey; and I could hardly keep from running and throwing my arms around you when I saw you. I'll make up for it, however.

Enter NELLIE CLAGHORN, ISABEL, GRACE, *and* CONSTANCE.

NELLIE, *running to* PAULINE.

Where is the masked Dolores? Where is the hidden artist? Oh, you dear Pauline! I have found you out at last. (*Embraces.*)

PAULINE, *smiling.*

My dear Nellie! didn't I look demure when I listened to you telling your Aunt Worthington all about your "Cousin Pauline"?

NELLIE, *putting arm around her.*

You are a confirmed rogue! How shall I ever forgive you for listening to my good opinion of you! Grace, Isabel, don't you recognize your cousin Lenie?

PAULINE, *embracing them.*

I can scarcely see much change in them. Do you see much in me?

GRACE.

Oh, yes; I see a great deal.

ISABEL.

Pauline has the same voice.

NELLIE.

And little Constance never knew you before.

PAULINE *caresses* CONSTANCE.

I do not know how I kept from hugging this little one when I saw her with you.

NELLIE.

Nor do I; but you sat over at your easel, think of it, Aunt Eleanor and Augusta! without turning round, almost without moving, and only to-day Aunt Worthington told me of the plot that she and Uncle Hubert laid to bring about the reunion. She came down in her chair, which we put into the carriage, and she can be easily rolled in through the long window on the porch. Ah, there she comes!

Enter MRS. WORTHINGTON, *rolled in by* FANCHETTE.

PAULINE *goes towards her.*

Mother, here is mamma and my sister Augusta. We are all happy once more. How good God is to us! (MRS. NORTON *and* AUGUSTA *embrace her.*)

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

Dolores, my darling, I could not remain in my room while my thoughts were with you and my mind was picturing this scene. I have done to-day what I never did before,—ventured out of my proper sanctum. It was so sweet to realize your happiness. Yet just as sad, for I shall lose my sunbeam.

MRS. NORTON.

No, dear Mrs. Worthington, she shall still be a sunbeam to you. You are no stranger to us. My sister Pauline has told me long ere this of her dear, patient sister-in-law, and Mr. Nelson, who loves you so much, must unite with us in making you part of our little family. I can never forget that you have been a mother to my darling child,—so injured and so forgiving. My heart is too full. The joy of this happy hour has almost taken the sting out of these long, sad years. Each of us has been chastened, and now, with souls lifted in high and holy purpose, let us carry our burdens together down the western slope of life, rejoicing in our sweet child, the most precious of our jewels, who has been restored to us with double worth and lustre, —the "Pauline" of our hearts, the "Dolores" of our admiration, all radiant

"Through the fires of Sorrow."

AUNT BETSEY, *lifting her hands up and coming forward.*

Glory to the smilin' Heavens this night! My heart is swelled up like the ocean with joy, and me mouth is too small to carry it up and put it through, so that I'm afeard, ladies, that I'll swoon into the other world, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Overhaul your Webster's Dictionary for that, and when found draw the curtain and say good-night.

Curtain falls.

THE CHILD HEROINE MARIE.

AN EPISODE IN THE REIGN OF NAPOLEON I.

DRAMATIZED, WITH ADDITIONS, FROM MRS. A. H. DORSEY'S TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NAPOLEON, *Emperor.*
JOSEPHINE, *Empress.*
HORTENSE, Josephine's *daughter, and wife of* Louis Bonaparte.
Ladies of Honor:
  MLLE. ELISE.
  MLLE. MATHILDE.
  MLLE. LUCILLE.
Ladies in Waiting:
  LADY DE SAINVILLE.
  LADY DE LAVALETTE.
  LADY DE BRIGNOT.
MARIE.
MADAME LAJOLAIS, *her mother.*
GENERAL LAJOLAIS, *her father.*
CHORIEN, *prison-keeper of the Bicêtre.*
SUSETTE, *his daughter.*
Guards.
Peasant Family:
  DAME BRILLOT.
  JEANNETTE BRILLOT, NANETTE BRILLOT, MARTHE BRILLOT, } *her daughters.*

MARIE.

SCENE I. *Interior of cottage near Strasburg. Plain deal table; rag carpet; wooden chairs; spinning-wheel; basket with large hanks of yarn, and stockings half knit, etc.*

Curtain rises.

MARTHE BRILLOT *seated at wheel. She arranges it and begins to spin; while the wheel turns she sings:* (*Piano accompanies softly.*)

"Chequered and sad may our destinies be,
Sorrow and sickness may cleave unto thee,
Whate'er may daunt us, our motto shall be,
Loyal je serai durant ma vie." (*Repeat.*)

Speaks.

Our destinies are truly chequered and sad. These are strange times. Napoleon is great, to be sure, but there are graves in the hearts of his people, and many a bright-browed son and brother has gone from our midst, and we listen in vain for the manly step on the threshold. That is what the song says: (*Sings again.*)

"Parted and silenced beneath the old tree,
Never those voices shall speak unto thee,
Though in each true heart the motto shall be,
Loyal je serai durant ma vie." (*Repeat.*)

Speaks.

Still it is all for France! Beautiful France! and we glory in our country's fame. I wonder how those dreadful plots are laid that aim at the emperor's life. (*She stops working.*) There is another discovered at Paris, they say. How I wish Jeannette and Nanette would come! They have been to the Bicêtre, and Susette has always something thrilling to tell. I shouldn't like to be Susette, daughter of the prison-keeper, in these terrible times. Nothing but conspiracies, plots, assassinations. Holy Virgins, isn't it dreadful!

DAME'S *voice calls out from behind.*

Marthe, you are idling; I haven't heard a sound from the wheel these five minutes.

MARTHE.

Yes, *ma mère*, I'll begin again. (*She turns wheel and sings.*)

> "Little bird, little bird, in the bare tree,
> Only the wintry blast sigheth to thee;
> Where are the voices that say in their glee,
> Loyal je serai durant ma vie?"

Listen! here come Nanette and Jeannette. Time for them! Now for the news.

Enter NANETTE *and* JEANNETTE. *Peasant dresses, basket and cloaks, with hood drawn over heads.* MARTHE *rises, takes basket; busies herself around room, etc. The other two take off cloaks.*

MARTHE.

Well, well, home at last! Dear me, how tired you look! Put down your baskets, and be seated.

JEANNETTE.

Tired! indeed we are! and the baskets are heavy. But we have some wonderful news. Where's mother?

MARTHE.

Didn't you see her in the kitchen?

NANETTE.

No. (*Calls.*) Mother! mother!

DAME *coming, they run to assist her.*

Well, children? here, here. What's the matter? (*Seats herself on an old chair and begins to knit.*)

NANETTE.

Wonderful news, mother! wonderful news!

JEANNETTE.

We overheard some of the officers at the Bicêtre talking about it. Indeed, all Paris talks of nothing else.

MARTHE.

Why can't you tell us, then?

DAME, *raising her hands.*

Heaven be praised! I hope it's no more of those bloody plots against the grand Napoleon.

NANETTE.

Wonderful news, mother!

MARTHE.

Out with it, tease. Nanette, I'm afraid you are only jesting.

NANETTE.

Jesting! Yes, I am jesting in calling it news, when in reality it's a miracle, Marthe.

MARTHE.

Don't be ill-natured, Nanette. Come, Jeannette, we're perishing to hear. It can't be the river is on fire!

JEANNETTE.

Well, do be quiet for a moment and give me a chance. We were standing near the gate of the Bicêtre talking to Susette when the guards were changed; after the sign and countersign were whispered, two or three officers got talking very near us, and Susette made us cease and listen, for she said it was the latest bit of Paris gossip.

MARTHE.

Well, will it ever come out?

JEANNETTE.

If you ever give me the chance. I'll tell you as near as I remember the exact words of the officer. Said he, "Comrades, let me tell you a piece of news for my own relief, for I'm so full of it, it's choking me. The Emperor has pardoned Polignac."

NANETTE, *patronizingly.*

That was the man who was sentenced to death for complicity in the assassination plot to destroy the Emperor, you know.

JEANNETTE.

Nanette, who is telling this story? Of course they know.

MARTHE.

Yes, yes, we know. Go on.

DAME.

Don't be quarrelling, my dears.

JEANNETTE.

No, *ma mère.* Well, the whole of them cried out, "Give us the story!" True enough, that is a miracle, and the officer that first spoke began. It is a romance and a miracle together, and as I happened to see everything with my own eyes and hear everything with my own ears, you may take it as a fact. "Begin! begin!" said they all; and so the lieutenant settled himself with the air of one who had something of startling interest to impart, and said—— Now Nanette, if I go wrong you help me.

NANETTE.

Very well.

DAME.

Nanette, go eat your supper. (*Exit* NANETTE.)

JEANNETTE.

"You must know, comrades," said he, "that yesterday I

was on guard at St. Cloud, and having nothing to amuse me in the little green pavilion I had gone into after my tour of inspection to rest myself, I thought I'd look through the lattice-work to see if anything was passing that might divert my *ennui.* I had read the papers, which were full of the late attempt on the Emperor's life; the same thing over and over again; as if every soul in Paris had not already heard the ins and outs of the affair. My resources were exhausted. So I peeped through the vines, and the very first object I saw was the Princess Louis flitting about her mother's flower-garden watering the plants. It was a sight worth seeing. She looked so beautiful in her white muslin dress and delicate ribbons, with her long hair twisted together at the back of her head and falling in loose waves over her shoulders. While I was watching her, thinking what a happy man Prince Louis ought to be, a quick foot-step sounded on the smooth gravelled walk. The Princess lifted her head from a bunch of carnations she was bending over, and there stood *the Emperor.*"

DAME.

Dear me! I hope he did not speak harshly to dear Madame Louis. She is an angel, they say.

MARTHE.

Ah, mother! do let us hear the rest.

NANETTE.

You forgot to say the Emperor entered unannounced, as usual.

JEANNETTE.

So I did. "Well, he turned abruptly and said, 'What are

you doing here, Hortense?' 'You see, Sire,' said Madame Louis, into whose cheeks the sudden surprise had sent a vivid bloom, as she held the watering-pot, yet half full, towards him. 'What are they doing in your mother's apartments?' the Emperor then asked, in his quick way. 'They are weeping there,' said Madame Louis, her own beautiful eyes brimming over with tears. 'They are weeping!' repeated the Emperor; then, without waiting to inquire the cause of what seemed to him a tragic amusement, he hastened away to the apartments of the Empress. I was as curious as the Emperor, and, being a member of the Empress's household while on duty at St. Cloud, my duties giving me admittance to all parts of the palace, I was not slow in following him there, where, mixing with the other people who were passing up and down, in and out, I arrived at the door of the Empress's boudoir just an instant after the Emperor had entered, leaving it open behind him. He was standing near the centre of the room, and a woman was kneeling at his feet, weeping bitterly, and making a vain effort to articulate her griefs. It was Madame Polignac, pleading for her husband, who was sentenced to death the other day for complicity in that assassination affair. You know the Emperor must have been taken by surprise; no doubt it was one of those merciful little plots for which the good Empress is famous, for he stood looking down on the sorrowful face lifted to his and streaming with tears, just where she had thrown herself at his feet when he entered the apartment. There was an inscrutable expression on his countenance, half sorrowful, half angry, and altogether stern, while the other ladies present, including the Empress, leaned forward, their hands folded in mute appeal, and their tears pleading for mercy towards the unfortunate woman. 'But what amazes me, madame,' at last said the Emperor, with an air of coldness that his voice belied, 'is to find your hus-

band mixed up in so odious an affair. Did he entirely forget that we were classmates at the Military School?' "

MARTHE.

What a wretch that Polignac must have been, to attempt the life of his own school-mate! But go on.

JEANNETTE.

"Well," the lieutenant continued, "I could not hear what Madame Polignac said, because her voice was choked with tears and sobs. I think, though, from a word or two I caught, she was trying to convince the Emperor that her husband, so far from knowing anything connected with this conspiracy against his life, was in utter ignorance of it up to the time the attempt was made, and, although her sentences were disconnected and interrupted by sobs, the reality of her grief made it eloquent, and lent force to what she said. Every eye was fixed on the Emperor's countenance, and it became evident, from a certain relaxation of its stern lines, that his heart was touched by the unfortunate woman's appeal and the imploring faces around him, that were in themselves so many prayers for mercy. 'Enough, enough, madame!' at last said the Emperor, raising her from his feet. 'As your husband did not wish to destroy my life, I can forgive him the rest. Hasten to him, madame, and tell him that his old comrade pardons him.' "

MARTHE.

That was grand on the part of the Emperor.

DAME.

It was that. May heaven reward him!

NANETTE.

If you had heard the men. "Long live the Emperor!' cried they with one burst.

JEANNETTE.

And the lieutenant invited them off to drink the Emperor's health, and they started with a good will. But the sad news is to come now. You tell them that part, Nanette.

NANETTE.

Well, we stood talking of this to Susette, when suddenly a carriage, drawn by four horses, its curtains closely buttoned down, and a guard of gendarmes on each side, rolled up with a great clatter before the gloomy iron-ribbed portals of the prison. The official, who I suppose accompanied them all the way from Strasburg, dismounted, handed a paper to Susette's father, who had come with his huge bunch of keys hanging to his leather girdle, and in a minute the ponderous gate was thrown open, and the cortege entered. Curiosity impelled us to go too. So, with Susette for guide, we stepped in a side-door and had full view of the saddest scene I ever witnessed.

JEANNETTE, *covering her face.*

I could weep now when I think of it.

NANETTE.

The carriage was opened, and two ladies alighted and stood trembling behind the grating. Their dress was rich and handsome, but covered with dust, and it was quite evident that their arrest and departure from home gave

them no time to prepare for their journey. Their heads were bare. One had shining tresses of chestnut hair, the other long, loose waves of soft light brown. They both were shuddering with terror when, at a sign from the guards, they were hurried into a room and disappeared from our sight.

MARTHE.

And were you obliged to leave without hearing more about them?

NANETTE.

Yes, we were. Susette told us they would be kept there for two or three hours, until it came their turn to be settled.

JEANNETTE.

I was longing to stay and see the result, for the lovely, terrified face of the dear young mademoiselle and the sad, marble countenance of madame will haunt me forever.

DAME.

Praised be God you left the horrible place, dear girls, and came to your humble home! It is bad these times to be rich. Come, put by your baskets and get at your work.

NANETTE, *rising*.

Yes, mother; but you will surely permit us to run over there to-morrow? Susette promised to tell us all that happens.

MARTHE.

And I think I will go with you. Jeannette, you remain home and keep mother from being lonely.

DAME.

You'll do no such thing. I'll not have my daughters gadding round the prison listening to these kind of tales. It never does any good. No, you'll all stay at home. It would break my old heart if anything would happen you.

NANETTE.

Well, mother, don't fret; it shall be so. Don't fret, we won't go. But really, they have excited a lively sympathy in me. Perhaps we will hear something of them again. Come, mother, let us go up-stairs; you have got quite nervous over our narrative.

DAME.

Well, Nanette, I will indeed, or that horrid prison will be in my head all night. Now, girls, get at your work.

MARTHE.

Yes, mother, we will. Come, Jeannette, you hold this yarn for me. (JEANNETTE *holds yarn, and* MARTHE *winds.*)

Curtain closes.

SCENE II. *The Prison of the Bicêtre. Stage is dark; guards are seen, some standing, some pacing to and fro; a bench in centre of stage.*

PRISON-KEEPER *is pacing to and fro across stage with hands behind back. He calls out in a rough, loud voice, without ceasing to walk or turning his head.*

Guards! bring forward the last prisoner. (Guards *leave and return.* FIRST GUARD *walks first, holding spear and*

lantern. A Guard *is on each side of* Marie *and* Madame Lajolais. *Both are deeply dejected, and* Marie *has both arms around her mother, and her head drooping.*)

First Guard, *pausing in centre of stage, where* Prison-Keeper *stops, and holding up lantern to their faces.*

Here are two! We expected only one. Lift up your head, youngster. Come, I must see that all's right before I turn you over to our hospitable prison-keeper.

Prison-Keeper *touches* Madame Lajolais *on shoulder, saying,*

You must come with me, madame. (*Both step forward, but he gives* Marie *a push back, saying,*) Not you! You are free! I have no business with you.

Marie, *drawing her mother closer.*

I will not leave my mother.

Prison-Keeper.

I think you will. I have no orders to imprison you.

Madame Lajolais, *pressing her to her breast imploringly.*

Oh, do not separate me from my daughter!

Prison-Keeper.

I must obey orders, madame.

Madame Lajolais, *passionately.*

It is impossible that you should have orders to separate mother and child.

PRISON-KEEPER, *roughly.*

Impossible? What nonsense! We have no kinships in the prison of the Bicêtre. It is possible, and I tell you that I have orders; so follow me without the girl.

MARIE.

You shall kill me before I let you separate me from my mamma! (*She throws herself on her knees, and clasps her mother round the waist.*)

PRISON-KEEPER *seizes her arm and shakes it roughly.*

Do you know that in this place we have a way to compel people to obey by force, if they refuse to obey quietly?

MADAME LAJOLAIS, *in tones of anguish.*

But if you take her from me, where will she go?

PRISON-KEEPER.

That's none of my business, and I have enough to do without troubling myself with what don't concern me. You didn't ask my opinion about assassinating the Emperor, did you?

MARIE, *rising to her feet, and tossing back her head indignantly.*

My mother is innocent!

PRISON-KEEPER.

"Your mother is innocent," is she? It may be so, but it does not concern me either; that is a question for the tribunal of justice to decide. What a man does his wife

is apt to have a hand in, and that your father is guilty is proved by the fact that, eight days ago, he and the other conspirators were sentenced to death. (*Both start in horror and surprise.*) Come, have courage, madame, and obey with a good grace. I do not wish to use violence, but I must obey my orders, which are to place in solitary confinement the wife of General Lajolais.

MARIE.

Oh, my mamma, how can I leave you!

MADAME LAJOLAIS.

My poor Marie! (*Raising eyes to Heaven.*) Oh! Mother, to whom I consecrated her at her birth, protect her in this dark and bitter hour! Help of Christians, pity us!

PRISON-KEEPER.

But only the *wife* of General Lajolais; so you see it is as plain as day, mademoiselle, that you must go.

FIRST GUARD.

Take your prisoner and be done with it, jailer. My business is waiting, and there's been nonsense enough.

MADAME LAJOLAIS.

Oh! one moment! just one moment!

FIRST GUARD, *roughly.*

Not another one. Guards, do your duty. (Guards *come forward.*)

MARIE *clasps her mother's neck, crying,*

Oh, mercy! mercy! do not take my mamma from me! I have nowhere to go in this strange city. I am only a poor child without friends. Oh, please let me go into the same cell with my mamma! Who will know it, who will see it? For the love of Christ's Blessed Mother, let me stay!

MADAME.

Go, my poor child. There is One above who is the help of the desolate. A prison-cell is no place for you, my child; go now. Indeed, you could not breathe there; it is so close and gloomy.

MARIE.

But you will be there, and yet you tell me to go. Oh, I cannot! will not! (*She clasps her closer.*)

FIRST GUARD.

This is folly. Come, let us end it. (*Two Guards seize her by the arms, the other two take off* MADAME LAJOLAIS.)

MARIE *shrieks.*

Mamma! mamma! Oh, my mamma! (*She faints. They drag her towards a bench, and, leaving her there on the floor, depart. Strains of sad music. A pause. The lights are turned up. Enter* SUSETTE, *who goes towards her kindly, rubs her hands and wrists, and puts her arm around her.* MARIE *opens eyes, stares around, gets up and rushes over to where the guards disappeared, and screams aloud.*) Oh, give me my mamma! It is frightful to keep us apart. Oh! where is my poor mamma? Oh, take me to her, then you may kill me!

SUSETTE.

Mademoiselle, do not call so loud or they will drive you farther away.

MARIE, *frantically.*

I don't care! I'm not afraid of them! I'm only calling my mother, whom they have got shut up in that horrid place. I want her, I tell you, and I'll make so much noise that they will shut me up in the prison too.

SUSETTE *wipes her eyes.*

Yes, but not with your mother.

MARIE, *looking at her, and advancing towards her.*

Oh! are you in trouble too?

SUSETTE.

No; but I'm sorry for you.

MARIE.

Ah, you do not know how I am to be pitied! (*Going and sitting on a bench.*) Those cruel men in there have just torn me from my mother. But that is not all; there's something more horrible still, that makes me almost drop dead to think of it.

SUSETTE.

It must be hard to have such sorrows, and you so young. The good God will surely pity you. But what is the other grief?

MARIE.

I have a father, and those cruel men in there told us that he is sentenced to die. Oh, think of it! (*She buries her head in* SUSETTE'S *lap, who weeps also. A pause.* MARIE *raises her head.*) Have you a mother? (SUSETTE *is weeping, but nods affirmatively.*) And a father also? (SUSETTE *nods.*) And you are not separated from them! You can see them whenever you please! embrace them morning and evening! Oh, how happy you must be! Tell me your name.

SUSETTE.

Susette, at your service.

MARIE.

What is your father? Is he a merchant?

SUSETTE.

No, mademoiselle; he is Keeper of the Prisons.

MARIE, *starting.*

Keeper of the Prisons! Then he must see my mother every day! he can speak to her, he can bring me news of her, and tell her of all the tears I have shed for her! But no; he must not do that, it would grieve her too much. (SUSETTE *shakes her head sadly.*) Why do you shake your head so sadly, Susette?

SUSETTE.

Because I heard no one is allowed to see madame,—I heard my father say so,—nor even speak to her. But it is

not his fault, mademoiselle; indeed, my father is not a bad man. (*Bell rings violently.* MARIE *starts.*) That rings for the prisoners to take their meals.

MARIE.

And my mother too?

SUSETTE.

Oh, do not be uneasy! Sure they would not forget her.

MARIE, *sadly.*

My poor mamma! she is so delicate! Where are her servants, her table so well served, and her little Marie at her side to persuade her to eat! Oh, holy Virgin! help my mamma. She belongs to thy Confraternity, and out of love for thee always kept thy shrine beautiful with flowers.

SUSETTE, *holding rosary.*

I will offer my Aves for her this evening. But you have not eaten anything all day; you look pale and weak, let me run and bring you some soup.

MARIE.

I am not hungry. I could not eat if I tried, but I thank you.

SUSETTE.

I believe you; but then you ought to try and eat just a few mouthfuls of soup.

MARIE.

Eat! when my dear mamma is in prison and perhaps I shall never see my good father again! Oh, no, no!

SUSETTE.

But, mademoiselle, if you do not eat you will die.

MARIE.

And do you think I could live with such grief in my heart even if I do eat? Oh, you are very good, but you don't know what a dreadful thing it is to be lonely like me! (*She buries her face in her hands. A pause. And then says,*) Susette, is the Emperor forgiving or is he stern?

SUSETTE, *with enthusiasm.*

Ah, mademoiselle! the Emperor is nobly magnanimous. Did you not hear how he pardoned Polignac?

MARIE.

No; and did he do so?

SUSETTE.

Yes; but it was through the kind plotting of the beautiful Empress and her lovely daughter, who contrived a cute little plot, by which Madame Polignac found the Emperor in Josephine's apartments, and, throwing herself at his feet, would not leave until her husband was forgiven. Ah, mademoiselle, it was grand of the Emperor to forgive such a traitor! (MARIE *pauses, walks away in deep thought, and returns.*)

MARIE.

Susette, a little while ago you offered me a plate of soup.

SUSETTE, *rising, says, eagerly,*

And will you have some if I bring it?

MARIE.

Yes, *ma chère*, and a piece of bread, if you please.

SUSETTE.

And some meat? I will bring you all my dinner. (*She departs, but soon returns with a little waiter, on which is a bowl, glass, plate of bread and meat.* MARIE *sips bowl, drinks water; puts bread and meat in kerchief.* SUSETTE *looks on with interest.*)

MARIE.

I wish I could reward your kindness to an unfortunate girl.

SUSETTE.

Mademoiselle, to give food to the hungry is not a thing to seek a reward.

MARIE, *unclasping a chain and trying to force it on* SUSETTE.

You are right. It is not your bread or your drink that I want to pay you for, but your goodness, your kind, gentle words. Come, now, take this chain to remember me by, and wear it for my sake. (SUSETTE *refuses.*)

Rough voice from behind.

Susette! Susette!

SUSETTE, *rising.*

I am coming, father.

MARIE, *sadly.*

You might not refuse it.

SUSETTE *takes her hand and kisses it.*

I do not refuse it because I wish to, or to give you pain, mademoiselle; but I dare not, indeed, I dare not accept it.

MARIE.

I willingly ate and drank all *you* gave *me.*

SUSETTE.

That is very different; they were to eat. That was very different indeed.

Voice again, angrily.

Susette! Susette! (SUSETTE *throws a kiss to* MARIE, *and hurriedly departs.*)

MARIE *pauses, looks after her, starts up.*

All alone! all alone in this terrible world! Oh, this dreary place! Are my senses leaving me? Oh, my darling mother, where are you? My brave, noble father, why do you not hear me? All alone in a great wicked city, without friends, without shelter. What shall I do? I shall go to the Emperor's feet! I shall kneel there like Madame Polignac, and shall not depart till he pardons my father and mother. But how shall I find the way? Who is to aid me? Ah! I will die of terror. But God

sees me, and our Blessed Lady will surely pity the poor, lonely child! (*She kneels.*) Oh! holy one, be my mother! Behold how lonely and desolate I am! I do not even know how to tell my case! Pity me and help me from thy throne in Heaven! (*She bows her head.*)

Curtain falls.

SCENE III. *Garden of St. Cloud.* Ladies. MATHILDE, LUCILLE, *and* ELISE *stand and converse, or sit on rustic benches.*

LUCILLE.

There has been a great show at St. Cloud to-day; the Emperor's magnanimity in pardoning Polignac has literally brought Paris to his feet.

ELISE.

Yes, many of the old noblesse who held proudly aloof from him before, and some of the legitimists, think the act so kingly a one, that they have come out of their retreats in all the state of their old-fashioned rusty court dresses of the time of Marie Antoinette to make their stately bows and courtesies to the "Corsican soldier and his Creole wife," as they please to designate the grand Napoleon and my beautiful mistress, Madame Josephine.

MATHILDE.

And they have gone away thinking in their hearts that the imperial dignity did not belong alone, as a divine right, to kings.

LUCILLE.

Yes, and awed in spite of themselves by the commanding manner of the grand Napoleon.

ELISE.

And won by the sweetness and grace of Josephine.

MATHILDE.

Yet they have all gone; the handsome carriages filled with fair dames, richly dressed and glittering with diamonds; the wives and daughters of the new nobility of the Empire; dashing young officers who won their spurs under the Emperor's own eye; veteran generals whose breasts were covered with orders; cabinet ministers, diplomats, and distinguished citizens, all have gone, and the broad avenues are deserted, save where the guard marches up and down hoping for the hour to be relieved from duty. Thus pass all earthly pageants.

ELISE.

But these horrible conspiracies.

MATHILDE.

Bah! they bring happiness to the Emperor!

LUCILLE.

Pretty happiness! not to know the moment a stiletto may find its way into one's body. In battle it's different: one expects death; but in peace, in one's own house! that is dreadful.

MATHILDE.

However, I am not wrong; the conspiracy of the infernal machine made Napoleon consul for life, and that which has just been discovered made him Emperor; but to think he pardoned Polignac and Riviere!

ELISE.

That was a trick of my noble mistress. Being on her close attendance, and the first lady in waiting, I overheard her promising the aunt and sister of Riviere to facilitate their getting access to the Emperor, although he had strictly forbidden it the day before.

LUCILLE.

Yes, and I was with Madame Louis when he promised the pardon, but he muttered indignantly to himself, "The miserable wretches, to wish to assassinate me! What baseness!—what cowardice!"

MATHILDE, *pointing to* MARIE, *who slowly appears.*

Oh, see! who is this that intrudes on the privacy of the gardens of the Empress?

ELISE.

Ah! you have frightened the poor child. (*Kindly.*) Come here, my pretty child; tell me what you wish.

MARIE.

Oh, thank you, madame! Oh, tell me the right way to the palace of the Emperor!

ELISE.

Why, my child, you are in the Imperial Gardens.

MARIE, *raising hands.*

Mon Dieu! I thank thee. But tell me, dear madame, can one get to speak with the Emperor?

ELISE.

Surely, my child, it is not forbidden; every one can speak to him; but the better to know his convenience, you must be announced.

MATHILDE.

Have you a letter of audience?

MARIE.

No, madame.

MATHILDE.

Then, I am sorry to tell you that it will be impossible for you to speak with the Emperor.

MARIE.

Will you please to tell me, madame, how to get a letter of audience?

MATHILDE *to* LUCILLE.

What a strange question! I wonder who the child is?

MARIE, *with anguish.*

Oh, I *must* see the Emperor! I *must* speak to him! Madame, do not send me away, I implore you!

MATHILDE.

But the guards will drive you out; they have orders they must execute. Indeed, they will do so. We are ladies in waiting to the Empress.

MARIE *to* ELISE, *throwing herself on knees.*

Oh, madame! you look so kind and sweet! oh, for

pity's sake, let me speak to the Emperor! Oh, do not refuse me!

ELISE.

My poor child, you have come at a bad time; the Emperor has been engaged in a grand reception to-day, and has just retired to his cabinet, where he may possibly remain all night. But tell me why you wish to see him.

MARIE.

Why I wish to see him? Why *should* I wish to see him but to get the pardon of my father, General Lajolais, condemned to death by him.

Both.

Poor child!

MARIE.

So you see you cannot refuse.

ELISE.

No one would dare disturb the Emperor when he shuts himself up in his cabinet.

MARIE.

Well, then, take me to the Empress or Madame Louis; they are so good. Oh! I implore you!

LUCILLE.

Elise, be careful how you mix up in this affair.

MATHILDE.

The Emperor will not like it.

ELISE.

But, Mathilde, the poor child will die of grief. See! My child, I will do for you all I can, and you must do the rest. I will bring you to Madame Louis's apartments, and you will tell her your story, and plead your cause. Come, follow me. Ladies, will you come?

LUCILLE.

Yes, we will, and will pray for your success, poor child!

ELISE.

We will go to the Princess Hortense. Do not be afraid to tell your griefs; she is very good, and will be kind to you even if she can do nothing. (*They leave, and curtain falls. Pause long enough to change stage appearance.*)

Curtain rises and shows a handsomely-furnished room; harp, marble table, sofa. HORTENSE *is bending over a basket of flowers and does not see* MARIE, *who advances slowly and alone.*

MARIE, *timidly, after a pause.*

Madame!

HORTENSE *turns.*

What do you want? Who are you?

MARIE.

I am the daughter of General Lajolais, madame.

HORTENSE, *advancing and taking her hand.*

Poor child! What can I do for you?

MARIE.

Let me have an audience with the Emperor.

HORTENSE.

Impossible, my poor child!

MARIE, *in anguish.*

Oh, do not say that, madame! do not say impossible! If you only knew how I have suffered in trying to reach you, you would pity me, and not crush me with that dreadful word.

HORTENSE.

The Emperor, my child, is justly incensed against the authors of this conspiracy, and declares he will pardon no more of them. It would only expose you to new pain were you to see him.

MARIE.

Oh, *mon Dieu!* I—no! I will not believe my father guilty. If I did my courage would abandon me. I should die. (*Weeps.*)

HORTENSE, *leading her to sofa, both seat themselves.*

Poor, poor child! your grief touches me. Come, sit here beside me and tell me all your trouble.

MARIE.

Imagine, madame, the grief of my mamma and myself when we heard of this conspiracy, and learned that my father was accused of being mixed up in it. No, you cannot realize our sorrow. Finally, one day, oh, that dreadful day! we were just dressing for dinner, Mamma was

just combing the last wave of my hair and singing softly (Mamma has a beautiful voice), when a great noise was heard in the hall. Suddenly our door was burst open, our room filled with gendarmes, and one of them said to mamma, "You must come with me, madame," and without giving us time to get our dress changed they made us go down and get into a carriage, and drove off, never stopping until we reached the prison gates. My poor mamma! we were together, and that was a comfort. But the cruel men at the prison said we must be separated; and in spite of my cries, my tears, and prayers, they tore me away from my mother's arms, and while they carried her to a prison cell I swooned away and was dragged to a bench outside. When I recovered consciousness I thought the grief of it would kill me, madame, to find myself suddenly all alone in the world, without help, without protection, a poor weak child without courage. Ah, madame! my heart was frozen like ice and all was dark before me. I thought at first it must be a frightful dream; but no! alas! it was all true. Then I thought of the good God and prayed. I asked the help of our Blessed Lady; but it suddenly struck me, instead of praying longer for ourselves, to ask of Heaven the strength and courage to reach you or the Empress. I knew if I saw one or the other of you my father would be saved, and now that I am here you tell me it is impossible! Oh, then all is lost! all is lost! (*Throws herself at* HORTENSE'S *feet; bursts into fresh grief.*)

HORTENSE *soothes* MARIE.

Well, we must see what can be done. But, my child, be calm. Tell me when you left your mother.

MARIE.

This morning, madame.

HORTENSE.

And doubtless you have eaten nothing.

MARIE.

Yes, madame; the jailer's daughter gave me something to eat. Without it I know not what I would have done.

HORTENSE.

But you must need food, and if you walked here you must be very tired.

MARIE.

Ah, madame! I feel neither hunger nor fatigue. I think but of two things, which are, my mother is in a dungeon and my father is sentenced to death.

HORTENSE, *raising her.*

Remain here. I will go to my mother's apartments, and we will consult together to see if it be possible to contrive an audience with the Emperor for you.

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE *steps in softly.*

EMPRESS.

Why an audience with the Emperor?

HORTENSE.

Oh, mamma! this is Mademoiselle Lajolais.

EMPRESS, *half disconcerted.*

The daughter of him who wished to assassinate Napoleon?

HORTENSE.

Is the poor child responsible, mamma? If you only knew how much she has suffered, and how greatly she is to be pitied!

MARIE, *with pathos.*

God alone can know that!

EMPRESS.

Who accompanied you here, mademoiselle?

HORTENSE.

No one, mamma; she came alone.

EMPRESS.

Alone, and so young!

MARIE.

Yes, alone; and, madame, if you refuse to help me, if through you I cannot get an audience with the Emperor, I shall soon be forever alone in the world.

EMPRESS.

Indeed, my child, I promise to do the best I can for you.

HORTENSE.

And I, also.

MARIE.

Oh, I trust the goodness of you both, dear ladies! I know that you pity me. But my mother's love and care, who can restore that to me?

HORTENSE.

Mamma, you will manage it so she can speak to the Emperor, will you not?

EMPRESS.

I am extremely sorry, my child, but Bonaparte has commanded me so emphatically to spare him these scenes. I really fear—— Then, he is closeted with the Minister of Finance. This young girl must come again.

HORTENSE.

When, mamma? when?

EMPRESS.

To-morrow, or the day after. I must at least try to prepare Bonaparte for this new application for pardon.

HORTENSE.

But, mamma, consider! Her father may in the mean time be executed! But do not weep, my poor child. Come, I shall play for you on my harp; it will chase away the tears. (HORTENSE *plays on the harp.*)

MARIE *stands by the harp, and after the piece says,*

How kind you are, madame! I thank you for that beautiful music.

EMPRESS.

Hortense, keep her here in your apartments. Conceal her presence from every one, for if Bonaparte should know of her being here all would fail. Then to-morrow,—to-morrow we can try what we can do for her.

HORTENSE.

Very well, mamma. (*Tosses her head mischievously.*) General Bonaparte owes me something for marrying his brother, and he will not beat the prospective Queen of Holland, however he may choose to storm at her. So I shall make a grand toilet; it will remind him of a thing or two.

EMPRESS.

My dear Hortense, you are a noble soul; but take care, Bonaparte is very vindictive when thwarted. Heaven bless you! I will pray to the Queen of Angels to touch Bonaparte's heart!

HORTENSE.

Thank you, mamma; you give me courage. Come, little one; we must retire.

Curtain falls.

SCENE IV. *Curtain rises on Throne Room. Emperor's Salon. Groups of richly-dressed ladies around. Guards, whispering. Groups near the edge of stage, consisting of* LADIES DE SAINVILLE, DE BRIGNOT, *and* DE LAVALETTE.

LADY DE SAINVILLE.

Look, ladies, there is Madame Louis! How lovely she looks to-night! *Ma foi!* I wonder what she can be up to? I shouldn't doubt if it were something about the people implicated in the late conspiracy. I tell you, the Emperor will be enraged.

LADY DE LAVALETTE.

He vowed he would grant no more pardons on that

score, and gave strict orders that no more petitions be presented to him.

LADY DE BRIGNOT.

Look, ladies, at Madame Louis as she now stands! See her slender figure! She is very beautiful, and even more good than beautiful. Every one, high or low, loves her, and she returns their homage so gracefully. There's no hauteur in her noble soul. She is like her mother, and uses her power only to do good.

LADY DE SAINVILLE.

But who is that young girl with her? Notice, ladies, there is something remarkable in her appearance. Her face is sorrowful, her eyes are downcast and so sad; her countenance wears the expression of the Madonna that the Emperor sent the Empress from Spain.

LADY DE LAVALETTE.

Look, now she raises her eyes. What a mournful look they wear! And see, her long hair—a different shade from Madame Louis's—falls in waves to her waist. She looks as if she did not see anything around her. Don't it strike you so, Lady de Brignot?

LADY DE BRIGNOT.

Take breath, dear, I advise. I did not know you could both rave so poetically. There is something uncommon about the child; and mark my words, there's some dramatic little trick in waiting for the Emperor when he comes. The Empress is always springing a mine under his feet, no matter how angry he grows.

LADY DE SAINVILLE.

Well, let us wait patiently, and see the result. I would not be surprised if that were the daughter of General Lajolais, the child that Mademoiselle Elise smuggled into the apartments of Madame Louis.

MLLES. MATHILDE, ELISE, *and* LUCILLE *approach.*

LADY DE BRIGNOT.

Here come the Empress's ladies. Mlle. Elise, is not that young mademoiselle with Madame Louis the daughter of Lajolais, the conspirator?

MLLE. ELISE.

Yes, madame; and your heart would ache for her if you knew her sad tale.

MLLE. MATHILDE.

She is going to petition the Emperor for pardon. Oh! pray for her success!

MLLE. LUCILLE.

I feel as though I could follow her to the Emperor's feet, and kneel with her there until he consents to her prayer, poor child!

LADY DE SAINVILLE.

I fear much for her success. The Emperor grows so angry at these scenes.

LADY DE LAVALETTE.

Has she a mother?

MLLE. ELISE.

Her mother is shut up in the prison of the Bicêtre, so the poor child is truly desolate.

LADY DE BRIGNOT.

How did she get here?

MLLE. ELISE.

She walked the whole distance. That delicate, timid child, shrinking, terrified, found herself alone at night in a great city. She who had never been out of her carriage in the city; not knowing the way; no one to encourage her, poor child! She must have a brave heart. If I were in her place I would die of terror.

LADY DE BRIGNOT.

Cease; here comes the Emperor.

NAPOLEON *enters. All form a double line, while a loud voice proclaims,* "The Emperor!" *All bow as he enters. He walks in their midst, when suddenly* MARIE *darts forward, seizes his hand, crying,* "Pardon! Pardon!"

NAPOLEON *starts back, frowns, and says, angrily,*

What! again! I have said I would have no more such scenes as this. (*He folds his arms, and tries to pass on.*)

MARIE, *still kneeling.* Ladies *look on with great interest.*

Oh, Sire! I conjure you to listen to me by the memory

of your own father! Sire, grant me pardon for mine. It is my father, Sire! He must have been led away by others. Pardon him! pardon him! Oh, Sire! his life is in your hands. Pity an unhappy child who asks for nothing but the life of her father. Sire, grace, pity, pardon!

NAPOLEON, *pushing her aside.*

Let me pass, mademoiselle!

MARIE *drags herself on her knees after him.*

Oh, pity, pity! Sire, pardon for my father! Oh, just turn one look upon me! Sire, do not, do not leave me, or I shall die! (*She seizes his hand.*)

NAPOLEON *turns, looks at her a moment, says, sternly,*

Are you Mademoiselle Lajolais? (MARIE *gazes at him; bows her head.*) Do you know this is the second time your father has been guilty of crimes against the state?

MARIE.

I know. But, Sire, the first time he was innocent.

NAPOLEON.

But this time you admit he was not!

MARIE.

And so I implore you to pardon him, Sire. Oh, Sire, grant me my father's life, or I shall die here at your feet! (*A pause. Pardon chorus. All join.*)

NAPOLEON *hesitates, passes hand on forehead; at its close, he leans towards* MARIE.

Mademoiselle, be comforted; I pardon your father. But arise now. (MARIE *does not move.*)

HORTENSE, *advancing with a bouquet of violets.*

Sire, there is one more favor.

NAPOLEON *takes flowers.*

I will hear no more. Remember, Hortense, I forbid it. (*Walking away.*)

HORTENSE *follows.*

The mother of this child is in solitary confinement in the Bicêtre.

NAPOLEON.

Let her stay there. It is but just that one of a family should suffer. (*Throws violets away.*)

HORTENSE, *kneeling.*

Sire, I kneel. Behold! Madame Louis at your feet. Pardon her; she is innocent!

NAPOLEON.

Ma foi! Well, well, for peace' sake, she is pardoned! I am going to my cabinet; you have already detained me beyond the hour appointed. After this, offenders against the state and all criminals must suffer the penalty of their crimes without exception. A grand farce the "Code Napoléon" will be if this goes on, with laws so weak as to be washed out at will by the tears of two pretty women. Bah! I won't have it. (*He leaves.*)

HORTENSE, *turning to* MARIE.

Come, poor child; you have saved their lives. (Ladies *gather around.*)

MLLES. LUCILLE *and* ELISE.

She has fainted! she is insensible!

HORTENSE.

Assist, ladies, to carry her to my apartments.

Curtain falls. A moment's pause. Curtain rises. MADAME LOUIS'S *apartments. Lounge, on it* MARIE *lying. Only* EMPRESS, HORTENSE, *and* LADIES DE BRIGNOT, DE SAINVILLE, *and* DE LAVALETTE. *Table near, with bottles, wine-glass, smelling salts, etc.*

EMPRESS, *fanning her.*

Alas! can it be possible that the shock of joy has deprived her of life?

HORTENSE.

How very white and still she is! Oh, mamma! send for your physician. Lady de Brignot, pray—But stop, I thought I saw her eyelids quiver.

LADY DE BRIGNOT.

She has only fainted, madame. See, she moves.

EMPRESS.

Yes, she is reviving. A few drops of wine, Hortense; give it very carefully. (LADY DE SAINVILLE *pours out a glass of wine; gives it to* HORTENSE.)

HORTENSE, *holding it to her lips.*

Here, my child, swallow this.

EMPRESS.

Let every one move away that she may have air, while I apply this vinaigrette to her nostrils. (MARIE *opens her eyes and heaves a sigh.*) You are with friends, my child.

MARIE *raises her head.* HORTENSE *seats herself on lounge and supports her.*

My father! my father!

MADAME LOUIS.

Your father, *ma chère*, you know the Emperor has pardoned him. Then do not agitate yourself; all is well.

MARIE, *with sudden energy.*

But what good will it be if some one does not tell him? Let me go. I am the one who should carry him pardon. Oh, madame, do not hold me! Let me go to him at once.

LADY DE BRIGNOT.

There is no need to hurry, mademoiselle. Take a little rest and nourishment first, and you will be able to start in an hour or two.

MARIE.

An hour or two! Would you have me wait an hour or two to announce pardon to a man under sentence of death,

and that man my father, whose suffering is prolonged by his *not knowing* he is pardoned?

EMPRESS.

You are right, my child; we will not detain you. But you cannot go alone to the prison.

LADIES DE BRIGNOT *and* DE SAINVILLE, *advancing.*

LADY DE BRIGNOT.

We beg your Majesty to allow us to command our husbands, the Emperor's aides, to accompany Mademoiselle Lajolais to the prison.

EMPRESS.

Mademoiselle Lajolais will accept the protection of my friends, Captain de Lavalette and Lieutenant de Sainville. My carriage awaits my orders in the court. Lady de Lavalette, go tell a guard to direct them to drive around to the private entrance; meanwhile, Lady de Brignot and Lady de Sainville will assist you to descend to it, and see that all is comfortable. Farewell, my sweet child. Josephine sends you with her blessing.

HORTENSE.

Farewell, mademoiselle. May Heaven reward your filial love!

MARIE.

Oh, ladies! how can I ever pour out my gratitude! how can I ever thank you!

EMPRESS.

Hush, dear child! You must depart. (*They leave.*)

Curtain falls.

SCENE V. *Prison of the Bicêtre; darkness.* Guards *standing with spears; within the bars is seen* MADAME LAJOLAIS, *chained to a wooden bench; a table, with a tin cup of water and a loaf.*

MADAME LAJOLAIS *is seated on bench, elbow on table, in attitude of deepest dejection. She speaks.*

Oh, this terrible gloom! this lonely, dreadful dungeon! Oh, will I never see the sunshine or the blue sky! never breathe the pure air of Heaven! I feel as though my brain were on fire. I will get crazed. Why will my thoughts scatter so? Where is my child, my poor Marie? Oh, where is my lost darling to-night? Out in the wide, wicked world, alone, friendless, unsheltered, perhaps dying of want and terror! Mother in Heaven, have you guarded my child? Oh, desolate Mother, send holy angels to shield her! she is so young, so timid, so helpless. And my husband, where is he? *Here*, they tell me, in these very walls. But oh! I shall never see him again. He must die this very day! Oh, I am going mad! I cannot endure this bitter anguish! Yet, am I not a Christian? Has not my Saviour suffered that I might have a model? Was not His human, divine Heart bruised, that I might have where to calm the throbbings of mine? Yes, Lord, (*throws herself on knees*) Thy will be done! Only give me patience. Dear Lady in Heaven, I place myself in your hands. Oh, aid me! Aid me to pray my heart to peace! Lord, on the Lake of Galilee Thou didst say "Peace" to the stormy waters; breathe, then, upon my soul, and say to its troubled waves "Be still!" (*She bows her head down low, a sweet symphony is heard. At its close,*) Be strong, my soul, God is good. Oh, the peace of the suffering heart that Heaven blesses! (*Noise suddenly heard outside.*)

PRISON-KEEPER, *outside.*

Yes, they are the Emperor's orders.

GUARD, *outside.*

Release the prisoners Lajolais?

MADAME LAJOLAIS, *starts.*

Heaven! what means this?

Enter two Guards *with lantern, the* PRISON-KEEPER, MARIE, *and* LADY DE SAINVILLE. MARIE *rushes to her mother's arms, crying,*

Mamma! mamma! the Emperor has pardoned you both! Yes, pardoned all! (*Falls on her neck.*)

MADAME LAJOLAIS.

My child! my child!

LADY DE SAINVILLE.

The Emperor has granted you and General Lajolais, your husband, a full pardon, madame.

MADAME LAJOLAIS.

How is this? They told me my husband would die, and I should be exiled.

PRISON-KEEPER.

No, madame, it is all true. Orders have come under the imperial seal to release your husband, General Lajolais, and yourself.

MARIE.

Yes, mamma, I myself prostrated at Napoleon's feet; he heard me; and oh, mamma! he is *so* good! So is the Empress and Madame Louis, who first saw me and pitied me. Oh, mamma, we must serve the Emperor!

MADAME LAJOLAIS.

We will indeed! But where is your papa?

LADY DE SAINVILLE.

He is preparing to meet you all. He also refuses to believe the good news; so let us haste away

MARIE.

Yes, let us depart from this horrible place. Thank God he has been *so* good to us!

MADAME LAJOLAIS *clasps* MARIE *silently in her arms.*

PRISON-KEEPER.

Come, madame, I must resume my duties; I have no time to lose. Your daughter did a heroic act in claiming pardon at the Emperor's feet, and my business is to release you; so come.

MADAME LAJOLAIS.

My child, is it a dream, or am I free? Will I meet your father? Oh, joy!

MARIE.

Yes, mamma; let us hasten. It is no dream, but a joyful reality.

LADY DE SAINVILLE.

Be calm, madame; it is all true.

Curtain falls.

FINALE.

Lights are turned up; all the characters are in the background. From one side comes MADAME LAJOLAIS, *between* MARIE *and* MADAME DE SAINVILLE; *from the other side comes* GENERAL LAJOLAIS, *between* PRISON-KEEPER *and* FIRST GUARD. MADAME *and* MARIE *and* GENERAL *rush together and embrace.*

MADAME LAJOLAIS.

Free! free! My husband!

MARIE.

Oh, papa, papa! you are free!

GENERAL LAJOLAIS.

My child! my wife! Oh, this happy, happy moment!

MADAME LAJOLAIS.

We owe it all to our child, Victor, to our darling Marie. Who is this little girl? (*To* SUSETTE, *who comes up smiling.*)

MARIE, *taking* SUSETTE'S *hand.*

Oh, she is the dear little thing that gave me something to eat when I was here for the first time, perishing with hunger and nearly crazed with terror and grief.

SUSETTE *courtsies.*

Oh, mademoiselle, do not think of that; I only did my duty. And, indeed, when I heard you had gone to the Emperor, I said I knew he would grant it, for mademoiselle, no one could refuse your prayer.

MADAME LAJOLAIS.

Susette, we shall not forget your kindness. You have seen us torn from each other's arms, a scattered, wretched, little home circle, now you see us reunited, father, mother, and daughter. Will you not complete our happiness? Marie needs a maid, will you come with us and permit us to show you our gratitude by being near to us at all times and all through life?

SUSETTE.

I will come most gladly, madame, if father and mother will let me.

PRISON-KEEPER.

I will, Susette. You couldn't be better off with such a mistress. Go, with my blessing.

MADAME DE SAINVILLE.

Are you sure your mother will consent?

SUSETTE.

Yes, indeed, madame. Mother often grieves because I have to spend my life in this gloomy place, among soldiers and prison walls and with crazy people around me. She will only be too glad to let me go.

MARIE.

So at last we are at peace, reunited after a bitter separation, with hearts full of love for Josephine and Hortense, and full of loyalty to Napoleon. Let us raise up our hearts to thank God, whose mercy has thus made us happy again. Let us praise His goodness and promise to be His children in time and eternity.

Grand Closing Chorus.

DOTTIE'S DREAM.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Nan.	Queen Mab.
May.	*Fairies:*
Libbie.	Gentle-Voice.
Eva.	Kind-Eye.
Cora.	Ready-Hand.
Nellie.	Loving-Heart.
Dottie.	Happy-Smile.
Grace.	Silver-Tongue.
Baby Florrie.	

Sixteen characters. The smaller the characters, the better the effect.

A School-Room, with large arm-chair for teacher. Couple of benches with books scattered on them.

Nan, May, *and* Libbie *enter with books, and begin an animated conversation.*

Nan.

Now we are by ourselves, let's talk about it.

May.

I think it's just awful, little things like us to be punished for bad lessons! No wonder it would break our hearts, and nearly kill us.

LIBBIE.

I think it would be the funniest thing in the world if we always *knew* our lessons. Why, there never was a little girl on this earth that didn't sometimes miss her lessons. I wonder, when our papas and mammas were little girls, if they didn't ever get scolded for bad lessons?

MAY.

Oh, Libbie! when was your papa ever a "little girl"?

LIBBIE, *embarrassed.*

Why, before he was a little boy. Oh,—indeed, I don't know when—except—I don't think he ever got such a scolding as we got this morning.

NAN.

And poor little Dottie! she got the worst, and I guess she is getting it still.

MAY.

What did Sister say? I was so scared I couldn't listen, and the room was so quiet I couldn't hear.

LIBBIE.

Couldn't hear because the room was so quiet? That's a funny reason!

MAY.

No, it's just it; all the words seemed mixed into one big one, and it was like a big bee would sound buzzing on your straw hat.

NAN.

You're mighty easy frightened. Well, she said "she

was quite displeased with the idleness of some of the little girls in her class, and that she would surely give them a severe punishment if they continued to bring such bad lessons; and she said she wanted all those that missed their lessons to-day to come up to the class-room at recreation hour and say them over, and if they didn't know them——" Oh, dear!—and I guess she'll soon send for us.

MAY.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! I don't know one word yet! Oh, dear! Where is my Geography? I will be killed dead! (*She sits down to study.*)

LIBBIE.

You great coward! don't worry yourself! Be like me: enjoy yourself until you can't do it any longer.

MAY.

Don't speak to me! don't look at me! (*Studying.*) "The four Middle States are——"

NAN.

Are nuisances! (*To* LIBBIE.) Libbie dear, you are smaller than I am; run off up-stairs and see if Sister looks cross.

LIBBIE, *rising.*

If she does I won't come back; I'll go and hide. (*Goes.*)

NAN *sits watching* MAY *for a minute.* MAY *studies.*

Oh, May! you are desperately foolish! Maybe she won't send for us at all.

MAY *raises her head.*

Yes, she will; she never breaks her word. Hush! don't speak to me.

NAN.

What did you say?

MAY.

I said, Don't speak to me. (*Studies.*)

NAN, *roguishly.*

Don't you want me to speak to you?

MAY, *emphatically.*

No!

NAN.

Why don't you want me to speak to you?

MAY.

Do hush, Nan! Because I want to study.

NAN.

Did you say you wanted to study, May?

MAY.

Yes; hush! (*Studies.*)

After a pause, NAN, *tormentingly.*

Well, why don't you study? (MAY *studies and does not answer.* NAN *calls,*) May!

MAY.

What? Nan, please let me alone!

NAN.

Yes, in a minute. Do you want me to be quiet so that you can study?

MAY.

Oh, Nan! I'll never learn this lesson!

NAN.

What's to prevent you?

MAY.

Why, you are preventing me as hard as you can. You want me to be punished, I do believe.

NAN, *rising and going to her.*

No, indeed, I don't, May. Come, let me hear you what you know.

MAY.

Now you won't make fun of me?

NAN, *reproachfully.*

Would you suspect me of such a thing?

MAY.

Nor tell me the wrong word?

NAN.

How could I?

MAY.

But in real earnest help me?

NAN.

In real earnest.

MAY

Now, Nan, if you don't!

NAN.

Give me the Geography.

MAY.

Here. (*Hands it; points.*) The Middle States.

NAN *hears her.*

What are the Middle States?

MAY.

New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware.

NAN.

Excellent! Describe New York.

MAY.

New York is the largest of the Middle States. It contains the largest city in the Union, which is the metropolis of America.

NAN.

Splendid! What are its principal natural features?

MAY.

Its natural features are—— Let me see. What are its features? Yes, that's the part I don't know very well. They are——

NAN, *roguishly.*

Land and water.

MAY, *who looks intently upwards, trying to remember.*

Yes, Land and water, and—— Tell me the next word, Nan.

NAN, *mischievously.*

And dry goods.

MAY.

Land and water, and dry goods, and the Governor's house, together with——

NAN, *laughing.*

The house that Jack built.

MAY, *indignantly.*

That isn't there! nor dry goods either! You promised you wouldn't make fun of me.

NAN, *laughing.*

Why, you foolish little mortal, you don't know one word of that lesson.

MAY.

Give me my book, then, and let me study it.

NAN.

I'd rather hear you a little more.

MAY.

I won't say another word for you.

NAN.

Just for my own improvement. "Improve every moment" the copy-books say.

MAY.

I don't care what they say, I won't! Besides, Miss Nan, I don't think you know your own lessons, even if you are in the first division ahead of me.

Enter FLORRIE.

NAN.

Don't begin to hurt my feelings. Look at little Florrie. What do you want, Florrie?

FLORRIE.

Sister Rose wants you to run straight up-stairs to recite your Geography.

NAN.

Thank you, miss. I'll run and "recite it" backwards, I'm afraid; but I'll go.

MAY.

I am real glad. I'll get a chance to study now.

NAN.

Well, I'd be sorry to disappoint you. Come, Florrie. Adieu. (*Bows low, and leaves with* FLORRIE.)

MAY, *alone.*

I'm glad she's gone. I do like Nan, but, indeed, she does keep me from studying my lessons. If it wasn't for her, sometimes, I wouldn't miss and be punished. Still, she is so good-natured and says such funny things, that I can't get mad at her. But, oh! these dreadful, dreadful "Middle States"! What will I do about my Geography? (*Clasps hands.*) Oh, I know! I'll go to the oratory and say three Hail Mary's. That's just it. I guess it's near my turn, anyhow, to recite. (*She goes. A pause.*)

Enter EVA, CORA, NELLIE, *and* DOTTIE, *who is excited and crying.* EVA *puts her arm around* DOTTIE.

EVA.

Poor little Dottie! It is really too bad.

NELLIE.

Never mind, Dottie; we'll try to beg you off.

DOTTIE, *angry. Shakes them off.*

I don't want you to! I wouldn't get off if you begged me.

CORA.

Oh, Dottie! you don't mean that.

DOTTIE, *still excited.*

Yes, I do. I'm mad enough to mean anything.

EVA.

Oh, Dottie! don't be bad-tempered.

DOTTIE.

Yes, I will! I think it's too hard for any little creature like me.

NELLIE.

But didn't we all get scolded?

DOTTIE.

Scolded! Yes; but I got jumped at nearly.

EVA.

Now, Dottie, Sister never jumps at us.

DOTTIE.

Well, she comes as near to it as anything I know. I hate my old books! If I only was a young lady! wouldn't I send out the books from my sight! I hate school!

CORA.

Oh, you dreadful little girl! What does Sister say to you about temper?

DOTTIE.

I never listened.

NELLIE.

You bad little Dottie! I won't pity you any more!

DOTTIE.

I don't want anybody to pity me.

CORA.

Why didn't you say your lesson, Dottie?

DOTTIE.

Because I didn't know it.

CORA.

And why didn't you know it?

DOTTIE.

Because I didn't study it.

CORA.

Why didn't you study it?

DOTTIE.

I'll just tell you why. We little ones found a sweet little dead robin (that died from going to school, for all I know), and we made up a funeral, and buried it under the white-rose bush in the grove; and they made the coffin out of my spellin'-book, and then I couldn't study my lesson, for I hadn't any book.

CORA.

Why didn't you tell Sister that, Dottie?

DOTTIE.

Tell Sister that! Why, what would become of me then?

EVA.

Oh, it was well you didn't tell her.

NELLIE.

Well, she'll have to tell her in the end, Eva.

DOTTIE.

But I won't. I'll get punished every day before I'll tell.

EVA.

Well, Dottie, I'll lend you my book to study your punish lesson out of.

DOTTIE, *wringing her hands disconsolately.*

Oh, to think! I'm punished all alone, when you're all out running in the grove and playing on the swing! Oh, dear, dear! (*She cries.*)

EVA.

Never mind. Study hard, Dottie; it will soon be over.

CORA.

Yes, study hard and know it soon.

NELLIE.

The time will pass quicker if you study.

DOTTIE.

You're just wasting your time talking. I just won't study a word! I'll get the consumption and die, so I will!

EVA.

Don't be so spiteful, Dottie.

DOTTIE.

I will be what I please, Miss Eva.

CORA.

Oh, but you have an awful temper, Dottie!

GRACE *enters.*

GRACE.

Sister says to let Dottie alone, and come away until she studies her lesson, or you'll be punished too! (*All rising in great agitation.*)

All.

Oh, dear! did she find us out? Come, let's go! Good-by, Dottie! (*All leave.*)

DOTTIE, *alone.*

Just look at me! punished here by myself just for missing that hateful lesson. And it was for doing something good, too: burying that dear little bird. I think it's just a sin. There are all the little ones running around, having such fun, and me,—oh, dear! punished! I just know what they're doing. Maybe they're playing "jacks," or maybe they're getting cherries. Oh, dear! and me punished! Well, I *won't be* punished! I won't study one word! No, not if the President would get on his knees to beg me! (*She goes and climbs into the arm-chair near, and resolutely folds her arms.*) I say I won't study! (*She throws her head back and shuts her eyes.*) Talk about the Presid nt! No! I'd say no forty-'leven times! I won't! I won't! (*Pauses. Soft strains of piano are heard.*) I won't! I won't study it! (*Piano continues.* DOTTIE'S *arms relax; says, faintly,*) No, I won't! (*Piano continues.* DOTTIE'S *arms drop, head nods; she appears fast asleep. Music changes to a waltz.*)

Enter QUEEN MAB *and the* Fairies *waltzing, with waving wands; music accompanies.* GENTLE-VOICE, SILVER-TONGUE, KIND-EYE, READY-HAND, LOVING-HEART, *and* HAPPY-SMILE. *They waltz around sleeping* DOTTIE, *and finally form a pretty tableau. Music ceases.*

QUEEN MAB, *in a subdued voice. All speak in a sort of loud whisper.*

There is a truant mortal, fairy subjects. Know you how she came hither? Speak, Gentle-Voice.

GENTLE-VOICE.

Sweet Queen, I cannot say. I know her not. But methinks the little one is sorrowing: her cheeks are flushed, and upon them are traces of tears. Poor little mortal!

QUEEN MAB.

I see them. Loving-Heart, what think you causes this human elf her sorrow?

LOVING-HEART.

Dear Queen, I know her well, and oft have I been pained to see that little face disfigured by the frown of temper, and those little lips uttering words too bitter for a childish heart to dream of. My sister, Happy-Smile, can tell you more, dear Queen.

QUEEN MAB.

Speak, then, Happy-Smile.

HAPPY-SMILE.

Dear Queen, her name is "Dottie." A bright and happy

child, whose life is sunshine; but she often clouds the golden day by her gloomy brow, and sharp and angry words come like poisonous weeds from her pouting lips. This very day she pained my heart, oh, sadly!

QUEEN MAB.

How, my child?

HAPPY-SMILE.

Let Silver-Tongue repeat the tale. It may sound less saddening.

QUEEN MAB.

We await the music of your voice, Silver-Tongue.

SILVER-TONGUE.

To-day Dottie failed in her daily tasks, and when her gentle teacher chid her for her loss of precious time, and bade her return to say the unstudied lessons, the wicked spirit of anger rose in her childish heart, and, among a group of little friends, she gave full vent to all the spiteful words that formed upon her tongue; and I, who loved her, fled away, because my name is Silver-Tongue, and her voice seemed discord in my ear.

QUEEN MAB.

How very, very sad! 'Twould seem as though those little lips could only utter gladness, and those childish features only wear a smile.

KIND-EYE.

Ah, dear Queen! forbear to judge poor Dottie. It was her loving nature that brought her to disgrace.

QUEEN MAB.

How was that, Kind-Eye?

KIND-EYE.

She found a tiny robin, cold and dead, and, with a childish sympathy, she caressed it, and laid it to rest, as she fancied, under our favorite rose-bush. For this she tore her book, and was punished. Was it not so, Ready-Hand?

READY-HAND.

It was, dear Queen. Do not be angry with Dottie.

QUEEN MAB.

The Fairies love good and gentle children, but those who disobey they dare not love. We must not lavish favors on Dottie any longer.

READY-HAND, *clasping her hands.*

Say not so, dear Queen! Pray forgive her!

LOVING-HEART, *kneeling.*

She will do better! All the Fairies love Dottie!

HAPPY-SMILE.

She is ever a little sunbeam, save when the wicked spirit of anger weaves his spell around her.

KIND-EYE.

She will be lonely without us in her dreams, dear Queen. Command us not to leave her; we wish to be

her friend. I promise to whisper good resolves in her ear.

SILVER-TONGUE.

And I will tell her, too, what she will lose if she ever fails again.

GENTLE-VOICE.

Dearest Queen, forgive her! (*Kneels.*)

HAPPY-SMILE.

Yes, pardon her, gracious sovereign! (*Kneels.*)

LOVING-HEART.

Surely your heart will not allow you to withstand our prayers!

QUEEN MAB.

My subjects, you touch me with your love for this little one. I can no longer deny you. Loving-Heart, will you protect her affections, and keep them pure and good?

LOVING-HEART.

Yes, gracious Queen, like a faithful Fairy.

QUEEN MAB.

Happy-Smile, will you lend her your sunshine?

HAPPY-SMILE.

Yes, gracious Queen, ever, even in her dreams.

QUEEN MAB.

Silver-Tongue, will you fill her ears with the sweet music of kind words?

SILVER-TONGUE.

Yes, gracious Queen, even to the lowliest.

QUEEN MAB.

Ready-Hand, will you teach her to assist those in trouble?

READY-HAND.

Yes, gracious Queen; she shall learn from me to help the needy.

QUEEN MAB.

Gentle-Voice, will you place a seal upon her mouth, that anger may never raise discord on her lips?

GENTLE-VOICE.

Yes, gracious Queen; I will whisper of gentleness and sweetness, and her voice shall be full of music.

QUEEN MAB.

Then, my subjects, she is pardoned; and the future will tell if Dottie is worthy of the love of Queen Mab and her Fairies. But let us away, our butterfly steeds are dancing in the sunshine! Let us away! (*Music begins.*)

All.

Thanks, oh, thanks, a thousand times, dear Queen! Away! away! (*They dance off.*)

Music continues. At its close, DOTTIE *rubs her eyes and opens them; looks around; starts up; jumps off the chair.*

Where am I? What have I been doing? Where are the Fairies? Oh, it must have been a dream! Yes! it was a beautiful, beautiful dream! Those darling Fairies! They begged me off. And won't I be good! and won't I study! What a bad-tempered, wicked little girl I have been! and I'm *so* sorry! yes, *so* sorry! Was it a dream? Yes; (*looks*) there are no Fairies here, that's certain. Well, this is certain too: I am never going to be bad-tempered again. And the first thing I'll do is to go now, this minute, to Sister, and tell her and the little ones about the Fairies (I do believe they were Angels), and promise to be good and never miss any more lessons, and every one will soon see what comes from even Dottie's Dream. (*Retires.*)

THE REPROOF OF THE FLOWER-ANGEL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

First Queen, Rose.	Mignonette.
Second Queen, Lily.	Heliotrope.
Bee.	Violet.
Daisy.	Flower-Angel.

Eight little girls (six or seven years old).

The Flowers *are in white, with a cluster of their respective flowers bound on their foreheads, not wreaths; no shoes, but flesh-colored hose, and the feet laced with narrow red ribbon; small, round wings of white tissue-paper sprinkled with gold. The* Bee's *wings are brown, and striped with gold, and the capital letter B is bound on the forehead. The* Angel *has a gold band and star. Each* Flower *has a little bower covered with evergreen. The children in this play should be very small, the smaller the better; the* Angel *and the* Bee *somewhat taller than the rest. The* Flowers *are asleep on floor of stage, their heads resting under their bowers. After a few moments' pause the* Daisy *raises her head, looks around, and jumps up with a start.*

Daisy.

Dear me! 'tis the morning sun
Beaming on my little cup.

See my sleepy sisters there.
(*She goes towards them.*)
Come, sweet flowers, waken up.
(*She goes to the* MIGNONETTE, *and shakes her gently.*)
Little sister Mignonette,
Let me kiss thy velvet cheek!
Dew-drops sparkle on thee yet;
Wake! and to thy sister speak.

MIGNONETTE *raises her head; says, pettishly,*

Daisy, thou art up too soon.
If not sleepy, let *me* be!
Close my petals, else my bloom
Will have faded wretchedly.
(*She composes herself to sleep again.*)

DAISY *goes to* HELIOTROPE, *and says,*

Waken, sister Heliotrope!
Haste the glorious sunlight greet!
Let me see thy dark eyes ope,
And inhale thy perfume sweet.

HELIOTROPE *starts up gayly, and says,*

Brightest eye the daylight owns,
Thanks. My buds I'll now expand,
Drinking in the liquid dew,
While I list to thy command.

DAISY *takes her hand, and says,*

Come with me then, sister sweet;
Peep into each flower-cup,
Shake upon them sparkling drops,
Wake each drowsy blossom up.
(*They go hand-in-hand to the* LILY, *courtesying very low.*)

HELIOTROPE.

Pale-browed Lily! regal flower!
Tears are glittering on thy cheek.
Didst thou woo the midnight hour?
Wake! a smile thy sisters seek.

LILY *raises her head, and says, reproachfully,*

Busy little fragrant atoms,
Why disturb the Lily's rest?
Dost not know a sad-eyed Angel
Nestles in her snowy breast?
But I waken, lest the sunlight,
Scorching, withering, should oppress.
(*She sinks down.*)

DAISY *and* HELIOTROPE *kneel down, clasp their hands, and both say,*

Pardon, Lily meek, we pray.
Pardon, and we'll run away.
(LILY *bows assent.*)

They go to the VIOLET. DAISY *shakes her, and says,*

Lazy blue-eyes, waken up!
Violet with the dew-filled cup,
See! the sun in Heaven high.
Waken to thy sisters' cry!

VIOLET *starts and rubs eyes; looks around, and says,*

Not *so*, lazy sisters sweet.
See! our Queen is slumbering yet.
(*Points to* ROSE. *She rises.*)
Come, let's fan her glowing cheek,
Though her brow with dew is wet.

(*She takes* HELIOTROPE'S *hand, and all three go towards* ROSE, *who has seated herself; the* LILY *takes* VIOLET'S *hand; all four courtesy before the* ROSE; *they separate, two standing on each side.* MIGNONETTE *is still asleep.*)

ROSE.

Baby flowers, up so soon!
Come to wake their sleepy Queen.
Chasing off the fading moon,
Clustering round her like a dream.
But some mishap comes, I fear;
Loved ones, ye are not all here.

DAISY.

All but little Mignonette.
Lazy one! she's sleeping yet.
So, sweet Queen, thy comfort take;
She will join us if she wake.

ROSE.

Touch the idler's dewy brow;
Tell her buds to open now;
Whisper that her Queen has spoken,
That the spells of night are broken.

(DAISY *goes off to waken* MIGNONETTE; *the other* Flowers *standing. She brings* MIGNONETTE *to the* ROSE. MIGNONETTE *kneels.*)

Sleepy little Mignonette,
Sun high up and slumbering yet.
What has held thee fast to sleep?
(MIGNONETTE *weeps.*)
Nay, my sweet child, do not weep.

MIGNONETTE.

Gentlest Queen, naught can I say,
But a pardon humbly pray.

(*As she finishes these words the* BEE *comes skipping in, making a buzzing sound with his mouth; two or three will assist him to make the noise louder. All the* Flowers *seem terrified, and run to their bowers.*)

The BEE *stops at* DAISY'S *bower; bowing, says,*

Daisy, I am very tired,
And my hive is far away.
See, no honey have I gathered;
(*Spreading out his hands*)
Just a little bit I pray.

DAISY *throws handkerchief at* BEE, *holding a corner of it.*

Go away, you saucy boy;
Other use my sweets employ.

BEE *skips, buzzing, off to* VIOLET; *courtesying, says*

Violet, I have wandered far;
Tired and weary have I come.
Give a dew-drop from thy lips
Ere I take my journey home.

VIOLET.

Gladly might I, Sir! Lord B!
But I need it all, you see.

BEE *skips, buzzing.*

Flower with the soft dark eye,
With the rich and fragrant breath,
Give a dew-drop from thy cheek
Ere I close my eyes in death.

HELIOTROPE.

No, not one. Intruder, go!
(*She throws her handkerchief.*)
Torture not our presence so.

(*Saying this, she and all the* Flowers *rise and chase* BEE *twice around the stage, brushing him with their handkerchiefs; the* BEE, *buzzing in great distress, tries to get off; they surround him in centre of stage; he kneels; immediately the* FLOWER-ANGEL *appears; holds out her wand. The* Flowers *silently kneel; the* ANGEL *goes to the throne of the* ROSE; *stands upon it; the* BEE *rises up and follows her, the* Flowers *remain kneeling.*)

The BEE *says, as he takes his place at her right,*

Guardian of these radiant Flowers,
Pardon if I haunt these bowers.
I am starving, sadly crying,
Nectar that will save me dying.

DAISY *rises, goes to left side of* ANGEL.

Heed him not, O Spirit kind!
See, he wanders in his mind.

BEE.

Just a drop; yes, only one,
And my weary task is done.

VIOLET *takes her place beside* DAISY.

Angel, he is dreaming now;
For he begged *two* from my brow!

BEE.

Only one! 'tis all I sought;
But my voice they held at naught.

HELIOTROPE, LILY, ROSE, MIGNONETTE, *all rise and stand beside* VIOLET. HELIOTROPE *saying*,

If he could have left his *voice*
In the hive, we would rejoice;
But his buzz was so tormenting
That we were most unrelenting.

A moment's pause. The FLOWER-ANGEL, *very sadly.*

Flowers, ye have grieved my soul,
Wounded deep my very heart;
Could ye thus, unkind, refuse?
Bid the sufferer to depart
With a cold and bitter word,
(*Puts hands to her heart. Shakes her head.*)
Cutting deep the soul that heard?
Ye are wrong, I sadly say!
Dark the record of to-day!
Mercy, Flowers, is sweeter yet
Than the fragrant Mignonette;
Purer than the Lily's cheek,
Gentler than the Violet meek;
Softer than the Daisy's flush,
Glowing more than Rose's blush.
(*Crosses hands on her breast.*)

Mercy is that better part,
(*Raises hand to Heaven.*)
That rests forever on God's own heart.

(*The* Flowers *bow; the* Queen *goes out, the* Flowers *follow, two by two, the* Bee *last, buzzing and skipping.*)

Note.—This play has been presented by tiny little girls, five and six years old, with very great applause.

A LEGEND OF THE RAINBOW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Young ladies.

SPIRIT OF SUNLIGHT. SPIRIT OF EARTH.

Little children.

FIRST SUNBEAM. SECOND SUNBEAM.

COLORS OF THE RAINBOW.

Middle-sized girls.

RUBER, *changed to a* Ruby, *confers* Health.
CROCEUS, *changed to a* Topaz, *confers* Wealth.
LUTEUS, *changed to an* Opal, *confers* Affection.
CŒRULEUS, *changed to a* Sapphire, *confers* Innocence.
VIRIDIS, *changed to an* Emerald, *confers* Hope.
INDICUS, *changed to an* Onyx, *confers* Patience.
PURPUREUS VIOLA, *changed to an* Amethyst, *confers* Nobility.

Eleven characters.

COSTUMES.

SUNLIGHT *in white flowing robes; illusion veil; wears sunburst on her head; white kid gloves.*

SPIRIT OF EARTH *in pink tarlatan, trailing, and pink veil; wears rosebuds and sprays of flowers in dress and hair.*

SUNBEAMS *in white, with white Florence silk sashes fastened on the shoulder.*

COLORS OF THE RAINBOW *in white, with silk sashes of the color each personates, fastened on the right shoulder.*

Stage decorated with evergreen.

A LEGEND OF THE RAINBOW.

Enter VIOLA. *Looks around.*

The hour has chimed, and here I stand,
Alone, alone, with empty hand!
Where are my tardy sister-nymphs?
Each with her crown of glorious hue?
Where is the meeting? Where the prize?
Luteus! Ruber! where are you?

Enter LUTEUS *and* RUBER.

LUTEUS.

We come, we come, with our jewelled train!
Patience, sweet sister! Call not again!

VIOLA.

'Tis time the meeting were begun.
Look, in yon sky how high the sun!

RUBER.

True, he's far up the "golden stair."
Where are our tardy sisters?—where?

LUTEUS.

'Tis strange their steps should loiter now,
When a crown is promised to every brow!

VIOLA.

Who is the Arbiter in the fight?

RUBER.

Who? Who should be but the great Sunlight.

Both, surprised.

Sunlight!

VIOLA.

The glorious God of day!
Tell us about it, Ruber, pray.

RUBER.

It seems that an Earth-Angel, crying aloud,
Had appealed to the Rain-spirit up in the cloud;
Had begged him to draw back his curtain of sadness,
To cease his long weeping, to give back Earth's gladness.
She said that the flowers were drooping and torn,
The green leafy branches were hanging forlorn,
The tiny, grass-sword blades, lay prone on the earth,
The birds had forgotten their warblings and mirth,
The blue sky was hidden, so long was the storm,
And she begged that the Rain-spirit soon might be gone.

LUTEUS.

And what said the Rain-spirit, pert elf?

RUBER.

The Rain-spirit frowning, sent down with ill grace
A shower of heavy drops into Earth's face,
And the poor dripping Angel withdrew to a dell
In the deep wooded forest where never rain fell,
And hid her wet pinions, and dried her wet eyes,
And there meekly waited for bright and blue skies.

But suddenly gleamed o'er her sweet patient head
A glow that the richest Aurora might spread,
And a radiant Sunbeam streamed down through the rain,
Coming straight to the home of the Earth-Angel's pain.
The shower grew lovely, each drop was a throne,
Which *you* and our sweet sisters called each her own.

LUTEUS.

Ah, yes! how we arched o'er the broad smiling earth!
And the meek Angel called us her Rainbow of Mirth.

VIOLA.

Quite true! I remember! The Sunbeam has told
The message it bore from the chariot of gold.

RUBER.

Not so, my sweet sister; *this meeting* will tell
The message the gay Sunbeam bore to the dell.

LUTEUS.

How tardy our sisters! 'tis really unkind.
They surely and purposely loiter behind.

Enter CŒRULEUS, VIRIDIS, CROCEUS, INDICUS.

VIOLA.

Shame on you, loiterers! why so late?
Only see how you've made us wait.

CŒRULEUS, *looking around.*

Soft, soft, dearest sisters, 'tis surely no crime;
When Sunlight is absent *we're* truly in time!

CROCEUS.

We came on the wings of the swift-driving wind,
Nor paused with the Cloud-spirits hovering behind.

VIRIDIS.

Ah! look, Sister Ruber, yon Sunbeams that come!
No doubt but they herald the glorious Sun.

Enter two little Sunbeams.

FIRST SUNBEAM, *bowing.*

She comes! she comes! the Sunlight glorious;
O'er cloud, o'er sky, o'er earth victorious;
Gilding the earth and brightening the sky, (*bows.*)
The glorious Spirit of Sunlight is nigh.

SECOND SUNBEAM.

Beautiful Rainbow, arch o'er her throne,
For, lovely sisters! are ye all her own.
Rain-drops will lift you far up in the sky, (*bows.*)
For the beautiful Spirit of Sunlight is nigh!

Enter SUNLIGHT, *leading by the hand the* SPIRIT OF EARTH.

SUNLIGHT, *bowing.*

Hail! youthful spirits!

All, bowing.

All hail!

EARTH-ANGEL, *waving her hand towards them.*

Glorious Sunlight! these are the seven
That hung out the radiant arch up in Heaven,

Lighting my gloom with their beauty and gladness,
Sending their dreamy tints into my sadness.
This is the Rainbow whose home is the sky;
Would that to earth such sweet spirits were nigh!

SUNLIGHT.

Meek Spirit of Earth, I will give them to thee.
Each color shall sparkle, rare *gems* shall they be!
Say, radiant children, wouldst dwell on the earth?
In the hearts of the jewels, if Sunlight gives birth?

All, bowing.

Yes, Queenly Spirit, we gladly obey!

SUNLIGHT.

Well spoken, my children. The Rainbow of Heaven
Shall sparkle on earth when my jewels be given.

Bowing to each.

My Ruber shall glitter in *rubies* of light,
And Luteus sparkle in *opals* so bright,
That mortals will fancy a sunbeam they hold,
And set in the gem with the richest of gold.
My Croceus within a *topaz* must rest,
And Viridis must be an *emerald* blest,
Purpureus within an *amethyst* burn,
Cœruleus into a *sapphire* turn;
But, Indicus! sad nymph, what gem dost thou claim?
Thy hue is all clouded, be *onyx* thy name.

INDICUS.

Rare, beautiful Sunlight, oh, change me to none!
I'll soften and shadow the glare of each one;

I'll go with my sisters, their hues to disclose,
And be to the gem what the thorn's to the rose.

SUNLIGHT.

Sweet nymph, humble Indicus, this be thy dower,
For shadow but beautifies Earth's rosy hour;
If all things were brightness they'd weary and pall,
So the soft restful shadow is sweetest of all.

EARTH-ANGEL.

How lovely! how beautiful! Spirit of Light!
Oh, how can I thank thee for jewels so bright!
Earth's rainbow will rival the Rainbow of Heaven,
Its tints will outshine all the glorious seven
That hang in the vault of the sunshiny sky
When the lingering raindrops are glittering nigh.
How great a reward for a patience so small!
Dear Spirit of Light, thou hast given me all.

SUNLIGHT.

Not all have I given thee, Angel of Earth;
These jewels, besides, carry joy with their birth;
In each hides a virtue, a heavenly treasure,
Let those find who will, for to seek will be pleasure.
My Ruby will bring with it roses of Health,
The Topaz shall point out the pathway to Wealth,
The Opal shall sparkle for Friendship that's fond,
The Emerald gleam with the Hope that's beyond,
The Sapphire offer sweet Innocence rare,
The Amethyst, Nobleness, royalty's share,
And Indicus, resting in deep onyx stones,
Shall give to sweet Patience the lustre she owns.

PURPUREUS.

With joyful submission, bright Spirit, I go,
To seek for the home that the amethysts know.

RUBER.

In rubies, in garnets, in carbuncles bright,
I'll sparkle and glisten by day and by night.

LUTEUS.

My opals will pale, and will brighten by turns;
You'll find me wherever the rarest one burns.

VIRIDIS.

Where the emerald flashes I'm nestled secure,
With ready obedience instant and sure.

CROCEUS.

To the topaz, all sparkling with richness, I fly.
You'll meet me, dear sisters, as time passes by.

CŒRULEUS.

Let me haste to the home of the sapphire blue.
I cling with delight to the Heaven's own hue.

INDICUS.

No farewells are mine, part of each do I own,
And the rest must enliven the grave onyx stone.

SUNLIGHT.

Behold them, dear Spirit of beautiful Earth
Behold these fair jewels, this "Rainbow of Mirth!"

All glitt'ring, I place them upon your fair brow,
And ask if a richer a monarch might show.
Then guard them and treasure them, children of mine;
They're yours *forever*, through ages of Time.

EARTH.

Oh, thanks! gracious potentate. Well do I know
That treasures, such treasures as I can bestow,
Seem trifling and mean to such treasures as thine;
Such exquisite gems, and such virtues divine.
Deep, deep, is my gratitude. Earth shall proclaim
Its fealty and love at the sound of thy name.
(*Steps forward.*)
Earth's children must learn that in Life's wondrous trial
The sweetest of virtues is meek self-denial;
Calm Patience is worthy of Heaven's renown,
And richer than mine is her glorious crown;
So while I rejoice in my gifts of to-day,
I'll point to my Gems, Heav'n's gifts far away,
Where sunlight e'en pales at His Glorious Throne
Whom Heaven and Earth and the Universe own.

Bow and retire all.

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